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A HALF-HOLIDAY WITH THE ACTORS.



MESSRS. TOOLE, BEDFORD, AND CO.'S EXHIBITION.

MOST of us are acquainted with the stage-struck youth who spends his spare shillings in going half-price to the play; who is secretly over head and ears in love with the lady who enacts Prince Charming in the burlesque; and who would give his ears if he could only make the acquaintance of the low comedian. What a golden opportunity was offered to this ardent admirer of the denizens of the world behind the scenes by the recent actors' fête at the Crystal Palace! Here was revelry beyond the brightest visions of the wildest dream. Here was a grand banquet of delight, where the divinities and heroes of the footlights were served up to his devouring gaze in endless profusion, in every variety, and all *au naturel*. Fancy a sight of all the actors and actresses in London in their private clothes, in broad day, with the privilege of speaking to them, and, better still, of being spoken to by them—and all for the small charge of half a crown! No wonder that the lieges flocked in thousands to be witnesses of so rich and rare a spectacle; no wonder that the show could be repeated with unabated attraction; and no wonder that the results, in cash, were beyond all expectation and all precedent.

I must confess that I myself was

quite as anxious as the ardent youth I have mentioned to participate in this treat; and accordingly on Saturday, the 19th of July, I took the train at London Bridge, and in the society of many ladies and gentlemen of professional aspect was whirled along to the Crystal Palace. No; not to the Crystal Palace. I am wrong there. We were whirled along to the base of Penge Hill, not further. It is very pleasant to be assured that the railway takes you into the 'grounds;' but then those grounds are rather extensive, and it is a very long walk indeed to the Palace after the railway has done its utmost. It is well for the traveller who puffs and blows up through that long, dreary, deal-board desert which leads to the northern tower that the weary journey is there and there relieved by an oasis—a pleasant resting-place, whose refreshing waters bubble from the bottles of Bass and Allsopp, or gush in cheering but not inebriating streams from the fountains of Loysell. I am particular in mentioning this ever-recurring difficulty of the journey, because, when I and my fellow-travellers came to face it on this anxious occasion we were sadly afraid that we should not be in time to witness the beginning of the fun, viz., the opening of the Fancy Fair by proclamation. It was only by a hurried scamper through the gardens that we saved ourselves from disappointment. Just as we entered the transept Robert Romer, Esq., Herald of the College, in all the glory of a blue velvet tabard embroidered with gold, was elevating himself in the midst to remind all the lieges there assembled



of their duties and responsibilities. And by the eighth clause of the said *Proclamatio Regii Collegii Dramatici Feriis annuis Agendis prædicta*, the said Robert Romer, Esquire, Herald, did remind all whom it concerned, 'That, whereas, it hath of late been the custom and fashion for females to guard and adorn their bodies with certain circlets or hoops of metal, called steel, it has been devised by the Master and Wardens, in solemn council assembled, and is hereby determined, with the intent of affording free ingress and egress to such females so adorned, and for providing such accommodation as may to them be suitable and convenient, to widen and enlarge all exits and entrances; to wit, all turnstiles, doors, benches, and rests, admitting to, within, and leading from all Shows, Theatres, Motions, and Booths; Provided always: Should

it be evidenced that within such circlets or hoops more than one person hath been admitted or screened, then, according to the statutes thereof made, the Master or Wardens, in solemn council assembled, shall make a forfeit of six Josephs on every such female so offending.' And further, 'That, according to the statutes thereof made by the Master and Wardens, in solemn council assembled, it shall be lawful, as also the bounden duty of female vendors, to arrest and detain for barter and merchandize all bachelors of kindly look and easy means, and there and then in such restraint to use all lawful arts and wiles to lure from them, the said bachelors, such superfluous coins of the realm as they may then and there possess.' Flourish of trumpets! Hurrah! the fair is opened.

I have seen some grand sights in the transept of the Crystal Palace, but that which now presented itself was certainly as striking in its way as any of them. The three sides of the end of the transept opposite the orchestra were lined with a suc-



PROVISION FOR THE FUTURE.

cession of fairy-like stalls—something like the bowers of bliss in the opening of a pantomime—and from each bower peeped forth a good fairy—a fairy without paint, and in 'long clothes.' What a tide of bachelors swept down upon those bowers at the bidding of the herald's trumpet! Ah! surely those eyes are magnets that have power over silver and gold. The money fairly leaps from your pockets. What do I want with a pair of baby's socks? Never mind; I must buy them if Mrs. Stirling asks me. 'How much?' —'Whatever you choose to give, sir.' (Ineffable, irresistible smile.) 'Change for half a sovereign?'—'Don't give change, sir; I'll keep the coin. Thank you, thank you.' 'Really I don't want a doll, Miss Sedgwick.' —'Oh! but you must buy something of me, you know.' Dear me, I never saw the necessity of that be-

fore. I see it now though, somehow.' 'Half a crown?'—'Five shillings, sir, if you please. Thank you, sir; thank you; it's in a good cause.' Mrs. Alfred Mellon offers me a pair of slippers, her own work (are these your lawful wiles, Mr. Romer?), but I don't wear slippers. 'A pincushion—these embroidered braces—this beautiful vase—a *carte de visite*, portrait of myself?' Well, though I can shake my head at the slippers, the pincushion, the embroidered braces, and the vase, I suddenly begin to see that it would be downright insensibility and rudeness to refuse to purchase the portrait of a lady when offered by herself—that lady, too, Mrs. Mellon, with whom, in days not long gone by, when she was Miss Woolgar, I have a vivid recollection of having been madly but silently in love. Of course I buy the *carte de visite*, and find that Mrs. Mellon has the same objection to give change as all the other good fairies. There is no getting out of range of this battery of eyes. It would be considered unworthy of a British gentleman to pass Mrs. Howard Paul without exchanging a greeting; and it would be shabby to exchange a greeting without buying something. 'A bottle of Box-his-ears, the last new scent; only a shilling,' Well! that's cheap; and I take the box on the ears kindly. And it just occurs to me that if any lady had offered to administer real, stinging boxes on the ear at half a guinea a box, she would have found plenty of candidates for that mark of her regard. Did not Miss Lydia Thompson kiss cigars, and charge an extra one and sixpence for that sweetening process? And was it not this same little lady who, when her stock in trade had run out, sold the gloves off her hands and the shoes off her feet, rather than that the treasury of the poor, the aged, and the infirm should lose a single shilling that could, by hook or by crook, be obtained for it? If it be true that on Monday Miss Lydia, finding there was an active demand for shoes, carried down to her stall a bagful of her worn-out dancing slippers, and disposed of them at high prices, on each occasion going through the pleasing pantomime of taking them off her graceful feet—then all I have to say is, that I consider that performance to have been 'a lawful art and wile' according to the proclamation of Robert Romer, Esquire, the Herald, and at the same time a device which does credit alike to Miss Lydia's head, heart, and heels. I am sure no one of the good fairies who presided in those commercial bowers of bliss can complain of any partiality, or impartiality, on the part of the bachelors who patronized them. It would have been difficult to say at any time during the day that one stall was more numerously beset than another. Tragedy and comedy, youth and age, fared alike. The bauble and the cap and bells did not draw a larger amount of patronage to Miss Charlotte Saunders, Mrs. Frank Mathews, Miss Josephs, and the Misses Nelson, than did the dagger and bowl to the more severe blandishments of Miss Atkinson, Miss Marriott, and Miss Elsworthy. As to the question of youth and age, I believe the silver hair had, if anything, the best of it; for certainly no one exercised the permitted wiles and arts to better purpose than did Mrs. Stirling.

But all this while we have been overlooking what, without any offence to the ladies, I may call 'the fun of the fair.' Hark to the gong, and the drum, and the brazen trumpet! Whither shall we turn? On one side there is the Theatre Royal Grand Avenue, where Mr. Nelson Lee, the 'author of a thousand pantomimes,' asks us to 'Walk up, walk up, and see the thrilling Richardsonian drama of "Alfonso and Claudina, the Faithful Spouse; or, the Hated Race," by Cirujano, M.M.C.; varied every ten minutes by "The Rosebud of Stinging-Nettle Farm; or, the Villainous Squire and the Virtuous Villager," by Mr. H. J. Byron, the "author of a hundred burlesques."' On the other, we have the Cirque Olympique, with that great everlasting prince of pantomimists Mr. W. H. Payne, 'and accomplished family.' Turn to the left, and you encounter Mr. James

Rogers with his Poses Plastiques; to the right, and you fall into the clutches of Mr. William Smith, taking photographs with a real steam-engine; straight before you, and you are decoyed into the gipsy tent of Miss Agnes Burdett; round the corner, and Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Harris, and Mr. Harry Widdicombe request you to have a shy at Aunt Sally, 'Three sticks a shilling;' wander away to the extreme end of the building, where you think the few coins you have left will be safe, and even there you are challenged by little Clark with his Punch and Judy. Oh, dear! oh, dear! Surely there be two Richmonds in the field. Did I not pay, half an hour ago, right at the other end of the building, to see little Clark? 'That was little Clarke of the Strand, sir; I'm little Clark of the Haymarket.' I suppose I shall be assailed by two big Bedfords next. Two Bedfords! A dozen. The great Paul was ubiquitous; and wherever you saw that well-known figure-head towering above the crowd, there you were sure to find Mr. Toole, working with twenty horse-power to draw in the shillings. If his very life had depended upon it, Mr. Toole could not have worked harder. When, by his desperate efforts to please his patrons, he had rattled his peep-show to pieces, he abandoned it (a total wreck) without remorse, in the centre of the transept, and betook himself to a photographic establishment next door to the Cirque. Here he was attended, as a matter of course, by the immortal Paul, who acted as developer; and, after a lecture on photography by his chief, in which the process was described as involving the use of a new substance obtained from mustard and cress, grown in a warm situation on a damp blacking-bottle, together with the oxide of albumen and cyanuret of gilt gingerbread, known in the arts as 'photo,' presented you with your portrait in an elegantly-gilt frame. As I remarked to two elderly ladies at the door, who were anxious to know if it was a good one, 'there could be no mistake about the likeness; it was faithfulness itself;' and what enhanced its value was, that when another person looked at it, it immediately became as faithful a likeness of him or her. And then, the honour of the thing, to be photographed by Mr. Toole, developed by Mr. Paul Bedford, and taken in the same group (as I was) with three noble lords, an illustrious knight (the architect of the Palace, by-the-way), and a duke; and, above all, to be assured by Mr. Bedford, as we left the tent, that he 'believed' us all his 'boys.'

Mr. Toole's tactics seemed to be those of the knowing and energetic Australian digger. When one mine began to fail in its yield he went prospecting immediately, and soon discovered a new and unworked one. From the photographic tent he shifted his quarters to the Theatre Royal Grand Avenue, where, for the rest of the day—how many times over I really cannot say—he enacted *Alfonso* (heavy villain in bucket boots and gauntlet gloves) to *Claudina*, his devoted spouse, Mr. Paul Bedford (in a red Garibaldi jacket and pork-pie hat). I wish I could describe the plot of this thrilling drama; but I really feel quite unequal to the task. It was advertised to last fifteen minutes; but I don't think it lasted quite ten; and this curtailment was evidently deliberately perpetrated by Mr. Toole, with the object of turning us all out and getting another audience in as soon as possible. It will perhaps be enough to say that 'Alfonso and Claudina' included a tyrant king; his general, goaded to revenge by his wrongs; a female in distress; and a ghost: which last came in at the end to superintend the general killing off of the bad people. Mr. Byron's 'Rosebud of Stinging-Nettle Farm' exhibited a striking similarity of treatment, only its *dramatis personæ* were not quite so high in the social scale; and instead of a king we had a squire (villainous, of course); and in place of a prime minister a peasant, *Giles Furrow*, whose rigid virtue was proclaimed by his waistcoat the moment he made his appearance. When you saw that waistcoat you recognized the outward and visible sign

of a clear conscience within; and you knew that *Giles Furrow* would immediately slap it—the waistcoat—over the left pocket, and say, 'Dang it, the 'art that beats 'ere,' &c. And of course he did. What other moral sentiments *Giles* gave expression to, and what immoral ditto the villainous squire, *Sir Narcissus Slapdash*, hissed through his teeth, I will not undertake to say; for Mr. Nelson Lee, the 'author of a thousand pantomimes,' kept beating the gong on the parade outside, as if he felt jealous of any one hearing and admiring the wit of the 'author of a hundred burlesques' inside. In this contest with his rival Mr. Lee certainly had the best of it—on this occasion, at least. Yet, stop! I do remember one thing, which an interval in the beating of that envious gong enabled me to hear. The villain named his price for doing a deed of darkness. It was two thousand two hundred and twenty-two pounds, twelve shillings, and twopence three farthings. 'There,' said his wicked employer, giving him a purse, 'you have the exact amount.'

I must not omit to notice one of the funniest things in the fair: and that was Mr. James Rogers's Poses Plastiques. Dressed as the widow Melnotte, in the Strand burlesque of Bulwer's play, Mr. Rogers appeared at the door of his tent and invited the public to walk in and support a 'pore widder,' who had nothing but her poses to subsist upon. Mr. Rogers did not open his show until late in the day, owing, as it appeared, to a variety of circumstances over which he had no control. The chief of these was the want of figures. Mr. Rogers was ready and so was the revolving table, but where were the king and the countryman, and the robbers who were to point the moral and adorn the tale which Mr. Rogers was bursting to unfold? Well; it appeared that they were too much occupied on the parade of the 'Richardsonian Theatre' to be spared just then. At length, not being in a position to demand these necessary personages as a right, Mr. Rogers endeavoured to borrow them. 'Mr. Rogers' compliments to Mr. Nelson Lee and he wants the loan of a king.' 'Mr. Nelson Lee's compliments to Mr. Rogers and he has only one sovereign and can't spare him; but will lend him an organ-grinder if that will serve—the real article caught that morning in Hatton Garden.' On the principle of the smallest contributions thankfully received, the organ-grinder was accepted; but proved on trial—as the real article always proves on these matters—a dead failure. The organ-grinder being much too natural to be amusing, was ignominiously dismissed; and I believe in the end, Mr. Rogers, following the example of Guy, Earl of Warwick, made his own king on the spot. Of course the great power that could create a king out of the very first material that came to hand experienced no difficulty in extemporizing two courtiers, a countryman, and a villain. There they are all dressed, and in alarming attitudes on the widow's revolving table. All in to begin. 'Now then, ladies and gentlemen, you see at a glance that they aint wax. Observe the perspiration on the king's brow; if he were wax he'd have run away long ago. Go.' Round goes the table. 'Ladies and gentlemen, that party in the flowered waistcoat and the wide awake hat is Hinnocence. Observe: Hinnocence offers a penny buster to the king. The king declines the penny buster with royal indignation and aims a blow at Hinnocence. Hinnocence is a good deal more artful than he looks, and dodges the king: Observe how Hinnocence dodges the king; consequently the blow falls upon the head of that gentleman in the brown whiskers, whom you will instantly recognize as a relative of Henry the Eighth by the shape of his calves. The relative of Henry the Eighth dies. Observe him die. Hinnocence points to the dead body and the king is sorry. Observe the royal sorrow.' I am not very sure how the drama proceeded after this, but everybody was killed, including Hinnocence, who, after overcoming all his enemies, fell dead under the overwhelming weight of his own clear conscience. And then the widow in a tearful mood, wiping her eyes with

the corner of her white apron, informed the audience that she had only one more word to say to them, and that was—'That's the way out!' And so, obeying the stern command, reluctantly I must confess, for we should all have liked to see the exhibition over again—we streamed out at the indicated door to proclaim by the broad grin still on our faces that we had been very much amused.

The gong is still beating outside Richardson's, that wonderful man in the green velvet coat and white hat is still shouting through his trumpet; the elegant Mr. Harris is still employed in the condescending act of placing the pipe in Aunt Sally's mouth; Mr. Buckstone is still imploring the winner of a penny trumpet to go away and not reduce the concern to bankruptcy; and above all, there is the battery of flashing eyes in the transept still keeping up a hot fire upon the hearts and pockets of those admiring bachelors who have a single coin of the realm left in their possession.

Viewing these hearty and laborious efforts in the cause of charity, made in many cases by persons who are well secured against want or misfortune, it is impossible to resist certain reflections which force themselves upon the mind. In the first place, then, actors, as a class, seem to be actuated towards each other by an uncommon amount of *esprit de corps*. In their efforts to help each other they set a high example of human kindness and brotherly love; and in this respect they discharge at least one half of a Christian's duty in a very thorough and hearty manner. On this score the members of the profession claim our respect and admiration. Their utter abandonment of all personal considerations of dignity, ease, and convenience was shown in a very remarkable manner during those two fête days at the Crystal Palace. The rich manager and the successful actor did not disdain to associate themselves with the humblest pantomimist in the good work. And it was no light work which they undertook. Almost every one who went down to Sydenham to preside at a stall, or play in the booths, had to hurry back to town, after a very hard day's work, and perform in one or more pieces at their respective theatres. The majority of them, in fact, undertook from twelve to sixteen hours' of unremitting labour; and it must have been evident to all who saw them, that they were nerved to this exertion wholly and entirely by love for their profession, and by kindly zeal for the welfare of its members. Apart from its gay and attractive aspect this fête presented a spectacle of active and unselfish benevolence such as is rarely witnessed. The truth is, actors, as a class, are distinguished in a very high degree for goodness of heart, for generosity, and for sympathy with suffering human nature. I have mixed with actors for many years, and I can conscientiously say, that in no society have I met with more simplicity of character, more singleness of mind, and, let me add, more respect for pure and holy things. There is another strong characteristic of the actor. He is singularly free from anything like sordidness. He works for money like other men; but money is less an object to him than it is to others. Money is only half his reward. His most cherished recompense is to be regarded as an artist and to be applauded as such. For this reason he will work without money reward and take a pride in what he does. There can be no doubt that this simplicity of character and this free and generous disposition is the result of his artistic training, the result of his communion with great minds, the result, above all, of his familiarity with the grand and ennobling sentiments of his great poet, Shakspere. Nor have we far to seek for the cause of his sympathy for his fellows. Most actors—indeed it might be said, all actors—begin life in a humble way. There is no royal road to legitimate success on the stage. An actor must begin at the beginning, and drudge for a few shillings a week; and he generally begins poor. He knows what it is to struggle against cold neglect, to trudge from town to town in search of an engagement, to pass days in

study and nights in toil, to find no treasury on Saturdays, to go supperless and dinnerless, and more than all to be in debt and endure contempt. A fellow feeling makes him wondrous kind. Adversity does not always teach its lessons so well; but in the actor's case, art steps in to ennoble the mind and soften the heart. On whichever side he looks, whether to the past or to the future, the actor sees only the incentive to be kind, indulgent, and generous. The past has been a long and arduous journey, beset with difficulty and trouble, and the future (however bright the present) must ever be overhung by the clouds of doubt. The actor's work is far different from that of other men who live by their intellect. His mental are intimately bound up with his physical powers. He can do nothing at home in his own house, he must always be well enough to go to the theatre. He must never be sick or ill. A bodily ailment of any kind disqualifies him for his work. And then age comes apace; and with advancing years and failing strength the actor, however high a position he may have attained, sinks lower and lower in public estimation, until at length it is written against him—'He has seen his day.' And yet he may be a comparatively young man, and not improvident. If a return were called for of the sums deposited in the savings banks, I suspect the proportion of those belonging to actors would be found as large as that of any other class. It should be known, too, that actors are strongly disposed to take advantage of insurances, and to subscribe to provident funds for the benefit of themselves and their families. But with all this they have special claims upon the sympathy of the public; for while their public career of success must necessarily be short, the prizes of the profession are few. Few men in any walk of life, who have to depend upon their own personal labour and a variable salary, ever succeed in becoming rich, or even in making any considerable provision for those who depend upon them.

For these reasons the success of the efforts which have recently been made by the actors themselves to build and endow a college for the benefit of aged and distressed members of their profession must be highly gratifying to every one who admires artistic talent and esteems personal worth. The originator of this scheme, Mr. Benjamin Webster, the man who has devoted so much time and trouble to its furtherance, who has watched over it and worked for it with heart and soul, day by day for years past, has earned for himself the everlasting gratitude of his brother and sister actors of all degrees, both now and in generations to come. No less for this good work than for his great talents and for his consistent efforts to elevate the actor's art, Mr. Webster well deserves the name of the 'Father of the Profession.' And shall nothing be said for his lieutenant, Mr. Anson? I have seen how Mr. Anson has laboured, constantly and unremittingly, and I firmly believe that if he had devoted as much energy, and applied himself with as much untiring perseverance on behalf of himself, he would have made a fortune by this time. I do not know what reward he has gained beyond the consciousness that he has been in a great degree instrumental in providing a home and a shelter for the declining years of his brethren in distress.

The monetary results of this fête at the Crystal Palace considerably exceeded those of last year. The amounts taken at the stalls and the shows might be said to be fabulous were they not vouched for. Thus, some of the ladies handed over as much as 70*l.* Fancy seventy pounds' worth of scent and *cartes de visite*, and dolls, and cigars, and embroidered braces! How much of the amount is to be placed to the credit of smiles and beguiling looks? Shall I say sixty per cent.; and make beauty as exacting as a Hebrew bill discounter? Mr. Toole actually took some 20*l.* in sixpences at his peep show. Is that so, Mr. Paul Bedford? I beg to say that I have asked this question by letter and have received per return of post the following reply:—

'Theatre Royal, Adelphi.

'Sir, I believe you, my boy.

'Yours truly,

'PAUL BEDFORD.'

The gross amount taken at the Richardsonian Theatre was actually nearly 500*l.* The widow Melnotte contributed by her own exertions somewhat about 34*l.*, and even Mr. Clark's Punch and Judy could exert their tragic efforts in out-of-the-way corners to the pipe-and-drum tune of twelve pounds odd in the smallest silver. When all expenses have been paid there will probably be a balance in hand sufficient to defray the expenses of three additional houses to the college.

The College! Since writing the above I have paid a visit to it, and seen with my own eyes the substantial result of the generous exertions I have just been describing. About twenty-six miles down the South-Western line, and just as the train is slackening speed to creep into Woking station, the eye of the traveller is attracted by a handsome Gothic building standing on the edge of a heath. It is not a blasted heath, like the one in Macbeth, but a lovely expanse of purple heather, such as the Scottish poets sing of with native enthusiasm. As you walk across from the station your every footstep crushes a thousand purple flowers, and the breeze from the woods beyond sweeps upon you laden with perfumes and the hum of busy bees. It is a scene of peace and beauty, and its calm tranquillity falls upon the grateful sense soothingly. You walk through the crisp heather in a reverie of pleasing thought, picturing to yourself the future inmates of yonder Refuge straying about here in summer days, or reposing among the heather bells to dream sweet dreams of days long past. And shortly you come upon the College gate, and you walk in and enter a cloistered corridor which runs along the whole front of the building. You expected snugness and comfort; but here is positive grandeur. The pillars of the Gothic arches are splendidly carved with an infinite variety of appropriate devices. Titania smiles upon you from the groined roof; Puck points his finger at you from a cluster of chiselled flowers; Ariel seems to be floating away from the very stone, while Miranda lies sleeping at your feet. Every arch and pillar has a separate device, and all are designed to awaken pleasant memories in the mind of the aged actor sitting here at his door in the heat of the day, or promenading to and fro with his fellows, enjoying a pleasant shelter from the rain. From this corridor you enter the houses. At present there are ten of them, and consequently in this corridor there are ten front doors.

Let us walk in. We enter a roomy and convenient hall, or passage, leading to another door at the back, which suggests that, if the two inmates should ever fall out, each may choose his own door, and thus avoid unpleasant collision. The ground floor contains one complete residence; the upper story another. Entering the door to the left we find ourselves in a charming little parlour, with a snug fireplace and a really magnificent oriel window admitting plenty of light and commanding a view of the garden, the railway, and many miles of picturesque country beyond. A right pleasant window that will be to sit at in the summer. There is a carved stone seat all round its base, forming a sofa, where two friends can sit *vis-à-vis*, and pass the hours in friendly talk—a seat beneath the shade of the cloister

'For talking age, or whispering lovers made.'

It will do for either; and when winter comes a soft cushion will make it snug and warm, and with the fire close at hand, it will still be pleasant to sit there and look out upon the falling snow. On this hot summer's day I sat me down on this cool bench, and surveying the comfort within and the peaceful scene without, the thought arose unbidden in my mind, 'Would that I were secure of such a haven as this for my declining years!' The walls are plastered and painted in stone colour; there are convenient cupboards let into the walls on either side of the handsome stone

fireplace, and round the ceiling rods have been fixed for pictures. From this parlour you pass into the little kitchen, fitted with range, coal-cellar, and a stone sink, abundantly supplied with pure water. Beyond this, at the back, is the bedroom, containing a fireplace and cupboards. This room, which is light and airy, is nearly as large as the parlour; and the window-frame is of massive carved stone. The other conveniences are well placed and fitted with due regard to the health and comfort of the tenant. A more snug and compact set of rooms it would be impossible to conceive, or to desire; and when they are fitted with the Elizabethan furniture which is now being made for them, they will be positively handsome. Above stairs you find an exactly similar suite, and this arrangement is repeated with little variation throughout the whole block of buildings. At present there is a wide gap in the centre of the block, marked only by a single square stone—a stone that will be held sacred by generations to come as a memorial of the great and good Prince who laid it. The builders are now at work raising upon this memorable foundation a grand central hall, which is to be used as a library, picture gallery, and museum; in which the council hope to form a collection of interesting memorials of the drama. It is also proposed to fill up the gables with schools for the children of the actors—a boys' school at one end and a girls' school at the other. The greater part of this good work is already accomplished. Ten houses are already finished, affording accommodation for twenty persons, and in the course of a month or two a few of them will be occupied. This is to a great extent the result of the actors' own hard work in affording amusement to the public at the Crystal Palace. A considerable sum has now been obtained towards building the central hall; and when the actors' next appeal to the public is made it will be on behalf of the schools for their little ones. This object will surely consecrate the cause in the eyes of every true Christian; for though some may object to the stage, the claim of the poor player's child to be educated for the ordinary business of life, and for the discharge of his duties towards God and man, is one which must find a response in every heart.

A. H.

A CHRISTENING IN MADRAS

NOW Mr. Tagge, the footman, had ever deigned to mount that ... old-fashioned, creaking, wood... staircase which leads to my cham... on the second floor, in Blank ... a wonderful. The house... Mrs. Kinsham, felt his con... descension deeply, as she stood, ... in hand, and replied to the ... which he put to her, in ... cold, yet proud—

'Is your master hin?'

'Yes, to be sure, sir; and if you'll step ... this way——'

But Tagge had fulfilled his mis... and discreetly pausing on the ... of my 'oak,' presented an ... little billet of mauve-coloured ... to Mrs. K., who, after wiping ... hands carefully on a cotton apron, ... it, smiling. I saw an air of ... pity on Tagge's features ... he regained the carriage below; ... touched his hat reverentially ... occupants, jumped gracefully ... the vehicle, and was borne ... through down the street.

The moment I saw the note I dis... it, as the doctors say, its author... and contents. There was no ... that neat flowing hand. ... swear to that capital L any... so when I opened it, and ...

> Lady Lynkman at home.
> Three o'clock.
>
> Wednesday, 16th July, 1862.

... not taken by surprise, and ... placed the little document ... company with some dozen others ... my mantelpiece. It was bad ... company, I admit. There was a ... from Stippler asking me to come ... and do a pipe with him on the 14th, ... an invitation to the Convivial ... Club for the previous Saturday, and ... Mrs. Mangles's hebdomadal ... —

> '16 cols.
> 12 pithan...
> 2 cambrics
> 7 lin. do.
> 1 vest,' &c. &c.,

... also a polite rambler from my to... bacconist, beginning—

'Mr. Cavendish presents his re... spects to J. Easel, Esq., and having a little bill to meet shortly, I shall feel obliged by,' &c. &c. &c.

The mauve-coloured missive, I say, might have blushed magenta to find itself in such society; but the fact is, the season was nearly over, and its little *confrères* summoning me to the society of the great had been one by one consigned to the waste-paper basket. What matters? My chimney-corner is a small republic, in which a host of different objects find a place—sketch-books, palette-knives, meerschaums, memoranda, cards and letters, a photograph or two, a patent 'etna,' a flower, may be, which I choose to cherish in an old Venetian beaker; and a pair of well-worn boxing-gloves dangling from above remind me of the days when I cultivated the art of self-defence, with such success that I used to be floored by [illegible] regularly 'three nights a week.'

It is the duty of [illegible] to keep this miscellaneous [illegible] to put everything straight [illegible] ning, in precisely the [illegible] in which I should [illegible] looking for it. *Exempli* [illegible] I deposit my paper-cutter in the ink-stand?—next day I find it behind the clock. If I [illegible] dust it with that [illegible] Mrs. K. consigns it to the [illegible]; when I look on the dustheap for it, lo! it has vanished to the [illegible].

The worst of it is, that I can get no redress for this provocation. When I call Mrs. K. to account for this annoyance, she takes refuge in the conduct of her sex. That is her Broad Sanctuary, so to speak. 'It ain't no fault of mine, sir,' she says, when I remonstrate; 'it's Tom as done it, I'll be bound.' Tom is my youthful retainer, æt. thirteen, [illegible] blossoming into buttons, who [illegible] consideration of some [illegible] a week, pretends to [illegible] and black [illegible] rands a [illegible] inde[illegible]

'A KETTLEDRUM.'

HOW Mr. Tagge, the footman, ever deigned to mount that dingy, old-fashioned, creaking, wooden staircase which leads to my chambers on the second floor, in Blank Street, is wonderful. The housekeeper, Mrs. Kinahan, felt his condescension deeply, as she stood, broom in hand, and replied to the question which he put to her, in accents soft, yet proud—

'Is your mawster hin?'

'Yis, to be sure, sir; and if you'l stip this way——'

But Tagge had fulfilled his mission, and, discreetly pausing on the threshold of my 'oak,' presented an elegant little billet of mauve-coloured paper to Mrs. K., who, after wiping her hands carefully on a cotton apron, received it, smiling. I saw an air of languid pity on Tagge's features when he rejoined the carriage below; but he touched his hat reverentially to its occupants, jumped gracefully up behind the vehicle, and was borne in triumph down the street.

The moment I saw the note I diagnosed, as the doctors say, its authorship and contents. There was no mistaking that neat flowing hand. I could swear to that capital L anywhere; so when I opened it, and read—

> Lady Lynkman at home.
> Three o'clock.
>
> Wednesday, 16th July, 1862.

I was not taken by surprise, and forthwith placed the little document in company with some dozen others on my mantelpiece. It was bad company, I admit. There was a note from Stippler asking me to come and do a pipe with him on the 14th, and an invitation to the Convivial Club for the previous Saturday, and Mrs. Mangles's hebdomadal entry of—

'16 cols.
12 pkthandkfs
2 cambrics
7 lin. do.
1 vest,' &c. &c.,

also a polite reminder from my tobacconist, beginning—

'Mr. Cavendish presents his respects to J. Easel, Esq., and having a little bill to meet shortly, *I* shall feel obliged by,' &c. &c. &c.

The mauve-coloured missive, I say, might have blushed magenta to find itself in such society; but the fact is, the season was nearly over, and its little *confrères* summoning me to the society of the great had been one by one consigned to the waste-paper basket. What matters? My chimney-corner is a small republic, in which a host of different objects find a place—sketch-books, palette-knives, meerschaums, memoranda, cards and letters, a photograph or two, a patent 'etna,' a flower, may be, which I choose to cherish in an old Venetian beaker; and a pair of well-worn boxing-gloves dangling from above remind me of the days when I cultivated the art of self-defence, with such indifferent result as to be floored by Planter (of Corpus) regularly three nights in the week.

It is the duty of Mrs. Kinahan to keep this museum in order, *i. e.* to put everything straight every morning, in precisely the very last place in which I should think of looking for it. *Exempli gratiâ.* Do I deposit my paper-cutter in the inkstand?—next day I find it behind the clock. If I try to identify it with that situation, Mrs. K. consigns it to the chiffonier; when I look on the chiffonier for it, lo! it has vanished to the book-case.

The worst of it is, that I can get no redress for this provocation. When I call Mrs. K. to account for this annoyance, she takes refuge in the conduct of her son. That is her Broad Sanctuary, so to speak. 'It ain't no fault of mine, sir,' she says, when I remonstrate; 'it's Tom as done it, I'll be bound.' Tom is my youthful retainer, æt. thirteen, just blossoming into buttons, who, for a consideration of some five shillings a week, pretends to brush my clothes and black my boots—finds my errands a convenient opportunity for indulging in his favourite game of

tip-cat in the adjoining square, and tries to make himself generally useless—in which endeavour, to do him justice, he usually succeeds.

'I know he is erritating, Mister Reasel, sir, and that mischeevyus, that I can't tell what to do with him,' pursues Mrs. K. 'Only last Thursday I caught him a "overing" the postes with his best soot on, and I'm sure it's a mercy he didn't split hisself. Which with such purshoots, sir, his hands *will* get grimed, you see, sir, and it's seldom or hever he washes 'em. Ah—I only wish he'd take after his poor dear father, who was a model to any one. Most amiable, too, he was, sir, and druv the Dook of Bufton too years. And before Mr. Dooberry, as 'ad the second floor, left these chambers, he was that provoked with Tom, that he says to me one morning, he says, "I'm afraid he's a bad lot, Mrs. K. If Mister Reasel's tooked a fancy to the boy, he'd better go into his service—and he may kip him, if he likes; but I'll be dashed if I do," was the words he said.'

* * * *

I must not, however, digress, or we shall never be 'at home' with Lady Lynkman. As it was, when the afternoon arrived, I was terribly late, owing to a dozen little domestic drawbacks incidental to celibacy. For instance, there is the oft-quoted subject of shirt-buttons. It is bad enough to find them deficient; but when, being in their proper place, they fall like autumn leaves at the slightest touch, and in the middle of one's toilette, it is really too exasperating; and I can only conclude that Mrs. Mangles, prompted, no doubt, by some fiendish design against my comfort, adopts the crafty plan of glueing them to my linen with her own starch, in order to provoke me.

Moreover, I was unfortunate in my cab. Time was when one could rely upon a Hansom for speed; but now, in every other one of those patent vehicles the horse is a confirmed 'jib.' As for the animal in No. 4007, which I selected on account of its huge and bony appearance, it had the faculty of employing a vast amount of effort to make very little way, with a sort of shambling action, which encouraged the suspicion that for every two steps forward it took a step and a half back. This extraordinary phenomenon caused some delay in my transit from Blank Street to Dashington Square; and when I arrived at Lady L.'s house, I found the little reception rooms quite full.

It is the custom with certain social philosophers to moralize on the artificialness of our present habits as compared with those of our forefathers' time, and to instance late hours as an example of degeneration; but what, I ask, is the difference between an early dinner of the last century and a hot luncheon in this? If we feed again at eight o'clock, our ancestors supped half an hour later. *Mutato nomine*: call a Georgian supper a Victorian dinner, and we are about on a par. As for tea—can five or six o'clock P.M. be considered a 'fashionable hour' for the consumption of that beverage, when our washerwomen sit down to their souchong at the selfsame time? In this particular, at all events, the 'cold shade of the aristocracy' has engendered no fungi, and the habits of Belgravia assimilate to those of Ball's Pond.

I drank my infusion with considerable relish in company with Miss Armstrong, the American painter, whose enthusiasm for art is only equalled by her contempt for those conventionalities of modern life which distinguish the habits, dress, and language of her own from those of the opposite sex. To part her hair on the off-side, to wear a jacket and 'all round' collar, to thrust her hands in her pockets and swagger about the room chaffing the men—these are some of the characteristics of our Transatlantic heroine; and, apart from her professional skill, which I will not dispute, they have the effect of fascinating not a few. Report does insinuate that one admirer, weak enough to be betrayed into a confession of his ardour, was kicked out of her studio in Paris by the very boots near which he proposed to deposit his heart and fortune. 'Guess the old hoss won't come *that* game again,' remarked Miss A., in recounting the anecdote; and I must say, for my own part,

that the 'old hoss' deserves the name of another quadruped if he ever repeats the experiment.

When I went up stairs I found Lady Lynkman in earnest conversation with Sidi Benassish, commonly known as 'Seedy Ben,' whom I had met before at the Acropolis Club, when dining with M'Grubb, the celebrated delineator of Oriental life and manners. A remarkable man that—Benassish I mean. The Scotchman is good fun in his way, but he is nothing to Sidi. That enterprising foreigner, who has been sent over here by the Sultan to study things in general for the benefit of the Ottoman empire, takes the greatest pains to acquire a taste for English habits, with which, however, he is as yet but imperfectly acquainted. When, on the occasion of his return dinner at Claridge's, he solemnly helped me to half a salmon, I believe he only acted up to his ideas of hospitality. 'Bakallum!' he remarked, when I begged for a smaller portion; 'friend of my friend, I vos not born yesterday,' and sent the astonished waiter for more fish.

But it is in dissipating delusions in the popular British mind respecting the institutions of his own country that our Effendi finds the greatest pleasure. Polygamy, he assured me, was unknown in Turkey, and the late Sultan was celebrated for his domestic virtues. The fez is an English invention, worn only for greater convenience in travelling. *Was* there such an emblem as the crescent? It might be—at all events *he* had never heard of it. As for its having any connection with a tradition about Mahomet and the moon, there never was a greater mistake. No difference worth mentioning existed between our national faith and that of Turkey. The Bible and the Koran were, he believed, identical; but if not quite so, the Koran was decidedly the more Christian of the two.

In fact, our friend told me so many bouncers, out of sheer politeness, that I took quite a fancy to him, and on this occasion did him a good turn, by just preventing in time the ignition of a huge chibouk-ful of tobacco, which he was preparing to smoke with great gusto in the conservatory.

'Good gwacious—what a man! Who is he? Where *did* he come fwom? Who bwought him? What does he mean by it?' inquires Gainsborough Jones, the art critic. G. J. is a great connoisseur and author, whose presence is indispensable to Lady L.'s *réunions*. His age is unknown—likewise the natural colour of his hair. Doubts are also entertained about the authenticity of his incisors; but his judgment of pictures is accepted as infallible. The young painters toady him for a notice in the 'Propylæum,' and young ladies universally pronounce him 'agreeable.'

What is it to be agreeable in ladies' society? Is it to talk incessantly on subjects of small interest? Is it to lisp, and mispronounce our mother-tongue? Is it to have a good figure and a faultless tailor?—to dance lazily, or lounge with grace? Methinks to turn the heads of some women, man needs but little in his own. There was Wilkes, the ugly lady-killer, who said he only wanted half an hour's start to distance all competitors. How did he employ that precious interval? Did the gallant outlaw dazzle his fair friends with the brilliancy of his wit, or fascinate them with pure nonchalance? To me G. J.'s remarks sound rather flat; but then he has the *bel' air*, and his whiskers are unexceptionable.

I am interrupted in my reverie by the sound of a familiar voice, and turn round to pay my homage to a sphinx in petticoats. I use this name out of no disrespect to Mrs. Archley, for whose attainments I have the profoundest admiration, but simply because I cannot understand her. A devoted wife, who is never with her husband—a skilled musician, who never plays—a lady whose dowry is ample, but whose dress is shabby—who, with a carriage at her bidding, prefers to hail a cab from the nearest stand;—such a woman, I say, is an enigma which I cannot solve. Her horror of blue-stockings is patent to all; but when her husband, the Member, is going to lecture on political economy, I know who writes half his

essay. She once rated me finely for going to Cremorne, and a week or so afterwards I met her at Mabille. It was her uncle the fox-hunting squire whom she had agreed to chaperone on that occasion; and while the old gentleman was looking at the *jeu de bagues*, a student from the Quartier Latin asked her to dance. I don't know what she could have said to him in answer, but M. Jules made a tremendous bow, and retreated with an alacrity not usually characteristic of Jeune France. 'Quelle drôle d'Anglaise—par examp,' I heard him say to the companion whom he rejoined; 'veux-tu fumer Valentin?' And the two youths went back to their anisette. The fact is, this lady seems to look on herself as a privileged member of society, who can do and say what she likes without offending Mrs. Grundy. She will call Young Rapid to account for his peccadilloes, or stop in the street to help an apple-woman in recovering the contents of her overturned basket. I have known her even appear without crinoline; and can I give a better instance than *that* of her wonderful courage and eccentricity?

It would be difficult for the cleverest lounger in a London drawing-room to choose a subject which Mrs. Archley is not prepared to discuss, be it the American war, the last new novel, the foreign picture-gallery, British politics or Paris bonnets—she can enter in turn on all these matters, and what she says will be worth hearing. Yet with all her cleverness I find a pleasing contrast to her in the quiet *naïveté* and gentle bearing of Lady B., who sits beside her, and whose name English children remember with delight as the illustrator of half their picture-books. An episode in the life of Goody Two-shoes, or one of Jack the Giant-killer's famous exploits will form in her hands the subject-matter for a charming sketch—more valuable, to my mind, than many a more pretentious work hung up in Trafalgar Square. To be in earnest with one's theme, whether in the pulpit or the studio, is, after all, the real secret of eloquence, of success. For this young mother there is a charm in fairy lore, and I cannot fancy a happier task for such an artist than, with her children gathered round her, to realize the incidents of this innocent mythology. As a rule, the professional gentlemen are a little jealous of her, and when Daubney, the portrait-painter, saunters up to pay his respects, I know that it is only because she married a baronet, who may be useful to him in the way of business. To do Daubney justice, he never loses an opportunity of advancing his interests in this particular, and it is chiefly owing to his zeal in procuring introductions that he is now known in Mayfair as a rising man. Rising, indeed! But a few years back Daubney occupied the gloomiest of ateliers in Soho; Messrs. Sloman and Moss were his tailors, and he paid them—when he could. He dined at eighteenpenny ordinaries and smoked a modest clay. What! is this swaggering dandy, this *soi-disant* bosom friend of half the British aristocracy, the same dingy student of those early days? 'To-day,' says Stippler (who has not been equally successful), 'Mr. Daubney would be affable and condescending, but if I met him in the Park to-morrow with Lord Ridgway he would not know me. Faugh! would you have me shake hands with such a man? I tell you I have cut *him* now; and if he wishes to repay me the few guineas he borrowed, let him send a post-office order.'

In such honest fits of indignation does Stippler's spleen find vent until we are interrupted by the sound of fiddling at the other end of the room, and Signor Vermicelli begins to play. Profoundly ignorant of the violinist's art, how can I attempt a description of that wonderful performance? The air selected was, if I recollect rightly, 'Where the bee sucks;' but after the first few bars Ariel flew away into endless variations. First, he was nestling in a cowslip bell, and the cry of the *Stryx flammea* (or barn owl) was effectively imitated above the bridge of the instrument by Signor V. But when emerging from the field-flower the sprite soared into mid-air, with exquisite

melody, on the wings of the bat, the flapping of whose wings were again rendered by the Italian with marvellous feeling for the habits of lower creation, the applause of the company knew no bounds, and Signor Vermicelli hung on the bough so long that the snapping of a string occurred just in time to be indicative of a casualty which the immortal bard did not contemplate—viz., that of the branch giving way.

The best of these musical feats is, that they afford a little rest from conversation, and enable people to observe each other a little more closely than they would do under ordinary circumstances. Certain young ladies select this interval to turn their eyes to great advantage, and let the instrument speak for them if they wish to express their happiness to the object of their affections in the key of G, or gently upbraid their lovers in A flat. As for the dowagers, if they are indifferent to the performance itself, at least it gives them time to notice their neighbours' dresses—to mark the ingenious Rachel's work on the shoulders of Mrs. Rougemont, or compare their own perukes with Lady Frizzleton's coiffure. When the buzz of conversation recommenced, I went down stairs for an ice, and who should I find in the dining-room but Mr. Roscius Buskin, the eminent theatrical manager, regaling himself with a glass of iced punch.

'Doosid hot weather this,' remarked that gentleman, who is not above using the vernacular on this side of the foot-lights; 'sorry we couldn't take your farce, Mr. Easel; very clever, you know; lots of points, and all that, but the plot's been used before, and there's a change of scene which you know the public will *not* stand in a one-act piece. It's old-fashioned, and won't go down with the *oy populoy*. There's Driver, for instance, brought out a sim'lar one at the Hyposcenium, last month; law bless you, 'twas damn'd the fust night, sir—wooden do at any price. By the way, heard of the row between Brown and Bickering? That man's a hass, sir—Bickering, I mean. Better have stuck to the old shop. Sure of his tin there, at all events. *Now* I shoulden be surprised if he come to smash. The Charonian is a bad house to manage, sir: look here, *I* had it for two seasons,' &c., &c., and then I was entertained by a long account of Mr. Buskin's theatrical vicissitudes. Time was and Buskin trod the boards himself. His appearance in 'Roderigo, or the Caitiff of Cabana,' is remembered still by all old play-goers, and he created quite a sensation as Lord Tomnoddy in the screaming farce of 'Who's Your Hatter?' But Buskin had an eye to more than histrionic fame, and feeling it impossible to combine the *éclat* which attended his impersonations with his duties as a manager, chose the latter branch of his profession, which he has luckily found more remunerative than most of his professional brethren. If I am asked why this man, whose conversation savours of green-room slang just as his coat smells of stale tobacco, who ex-aspirates his h's, and wears a dozen dubious rings—is admitted into so select a circle as that assembled in Dashington Square, my answer is that at Lady Lynkman's parties you meet every one who has entered the service of either Muse, from the great poet who acts as Clio's steward down to the humblest retainer who dances attendance on Terpsichore.

Occupying the place of under footman in this romantic service is Claude Myddleton, formerly captain in the line, who, tired of soldiering at twenty-eight, exchanged his sword for a more peaceful weapon, and wrote a volume of poems in the style of Mr. Tennyson, which by-and-by received its due amount of praise. The 'Gardener's Niece' is confessed by many to be a successful imitation of 'The Miller's Daughter,' and the famous story of 'Locksley Hall' finds no faint echo in the corridors of 'Highgate House.' But it is his novels, I think, which are most admired, not for their sparkling wit or redundant satire, but because they are written by a well-bred English gentleman, who eschews sham sentiment and windy nonsense, who depicts life as he finds it, 'nothing extenuates nor

aught sets down in malice,' which, after all, is the real way to success in illustration, whether by pen or pencil. Yet because this man is a little shy of strangers, because he dresses a little sprucely, talks perhaps a little mincingly, and parts his hair in the centre, he is put down on first acquaintance as an affected humbug. *Humbug*, my friends! which of us is without it? Not *you*, Mr. Cynic, with all your philosophy; not you, Mrs. Candour, for all your rudeness. It is carping, selfish Diogenes in his tub yonder—Diogenes, who has not washed this morning, and is angry with me because I *have*—Diogenes, who is the greatest humbug of us all. There are hundreds of excellent people in this world whose good qualities lie beneath, and are even indicated by a little effervescence of eccentricity. You and I, dear Punter, have often rowed in the same boat and know the banks of the sedgy Thames; how do we recognize good ale when we see it? Is it not by the light and foaming character of the brew? Reach me that tankard, if you please, with the head on. I dip my beak into the pewter, and the froth falls off on either side. We do not care for *that*, you know, but the draught below; how refreshing, how excellent a tap!

And this reminds me that if in our 'Kettledrums' and 'matinées' some worthy hostess would establish a small cask of Bass or Allsopp in some convenient anteroom, she would be doing some of us a much greater kindness than by providing ices and lemonade, and at half the expense, which I am given to understand *is* a consideration sometimes even in Mayfair.

And pray why shouldn't it be in Mayfair as well as in Bloomsbury? asks Mrs. Thrifty, who lives in the W.C. district herself, and to whom I had been humbly offering this suggestion. 'When you come back from your honeymoon, Mr. Easel, you will have to economize, depend on it, whether you live on this or the other side of Oxford Street. But your notion of beer is dreadful: do you suppose ladies would——'

'Indeed, mamma. I think it would be very nice,' cries Miss T., who has a brother at Cambridge, 'and then we could have shandy-gaff, or—or what is that other stuff called? *dog's-nose* isn't it, Mr. Easel? Fred let me drink a little once out of a wine-glass, and I thought it very nasty, but he said it was an acquired taste, and——'

'My dear, your brother has acquired many tastes since his residence at the University,' continues Mrs. T., 'that he could very well dispense with. I am sure, when he is in town, what with Pivet's gloves and opera-tickets, to say nothing of his almost *living* in Hansom cabs, he—why, good gracious, Mr. Easel, what is the matter?'

I suppose I must have started, or looked rather foolish, for the fact is that I only that minute recollected that I had come in without paying my charioteer, No. 4007, who must have been waiting about an hour and a half outside. Hastily explaining this oversight to the ladies, and taking my *congé* of our hostess, I found my way into the square, where, sure enough, was Mr. Hansom's representative, looking mighty comfortable on his seat, doing, I should think, about his thirteenth pipe, computing from the time I left him.

Now I have a particular objection to admitting that I have been sold, and so jumped into the vehicle without further ado.

'Where to, sir?' said the driver, looking down upon me like a dissipated Jack-in-the-box.

'Home,' I shouted, 'and look sharp.'

We were there in ten minutes, and I resolved to go up at once for my 'Cab-fare Guide,' which I knew would prevent disputes. My studio lies at the back of the house, and when I reached the oak I thought I heard the stamping of feet inside. Pushing the door, which stood ajar, gently open, whom should I discover but Master Tom with—yes, by Jove—with my boxing-gloves on, sparring at himself in the cheval-glass!

He whipped them off in a twinkling, I promise you, when he saw me, and began in his usual strain,

'Please, 'twasn't me, sir—that is, I only—'

'Don't tell me any lies, you little rascal,' I said, 'but give me that blue-covered book, and—stop a minute, can't you—just take this half-sovereign, and give the cabman five, no, *six* and sixpence out of it.'

Down he went like a shot, but after waiting about a quarter of an hour, and finding he didn't return, I rang the bell, which summons he answered with a 'Yessir, what did you please to want, sir?' and looking as innocent as a lamb.

'Want? why the change, to be sure,' said I.

'What change, sir?'

'What change, sir! Why, didn't I give you a half-sovereign?'



'Yessir, I know you guv me a 'arf suffering, sir.'

'Well, and the fare was six and six.'

'Nosir.'

'What the deuce do you mean? Why, didn't I tell you so?'

'Yessir; but the cabmin, he said it *warn't*, s'r.'

'Why, you confounded little muff, you don't mean to say you gave him the half-sovereign?'

'Yessir, *I* guv it him, sir.'

'And pray did you tell him what *I* said was the fare?'

'Yessir, I did, sir.'

'Well, what did he say then?'

'Pleasir, he said *you 'uwas to be blowed, sir*, and the fare was ten bob if 'twas a napeny, and he took and put the arf suffering in his weskit pockit, s'r, and then he druv off.'

* * * *

After this you may suppose Mr. Kinahan did not stay long in my service—in fact, I packed him off at once. His mother 'does' for me now in more senses than one: however, I know the worst of it; it is better to be cheated by the old lady than worried by her son. I was complaining of the state of my wardrobe not long ago, but you see in this instance I had to cut off my own 'buttons.'

JACK EASEL.

THE LAY OF THE LISTLESS SWELL.



LAZILY lolling along the sea shore,
Pitching a pebble far into the ocean,
Listening dreamily unto the roar
Of the surge as it breaks on the bar—I've a notion
That this is the place in the autumn for me,
A place where, perhaps, if I only could try,
I might get a chance to—not now—by-and-by—
A chance to—what is it they call it? Reflect?
Yes, that's it! To reflect! Gad, I didn't expect
To get it so quickly! Oh, beautiful Sea,
Some fellah has called you the 'fresh' and the 'free,'
But it strikes me you're salt and not fresh—(that's not bad!
Though a fellah who jokes I regard as a cad)—
And when they say 'free'—well, just now, down at Lynn,
Where you broke down all barriers and forced your way in.
You were certainly more free than welcome—by Jove!
I declare I'm becoming a pun-making cove—
Cove? Yes; cove has something to do with the sea,
I don't know what exactly. Well, well! Let it be!

Lying here on the brink
I'll endeavour to think
Of what has been done in the season gone by,
And string it together in verse. Let us try!
Parliament? Hum!
Oracle's dumb,
Out of that Nazareth no good has come!
Reform Bill? Oh, no!
Nothing so low,
Defence of the country is now all the go!
While our army expenses and 'armaments bloated'
Are denounced by the Peace-men, broad-brimmed and drab-coated.
Spite of bold Buccleuch
And his myrmidons too,
Pennethorne, Gore, and all their crew,
We have carried the Thames Embankment through:
Though Higgins the tall and Higgins the small,
Cowper the dull, with his stammer and drawl,
Were mixed in the melée, one and all!
Finsbury's sent us back her Cox,
Cobden and Pam have exchanged hard knocks.
What more of Parliament? *Vox*, but *vox*
Et præterea nihil! No! one thing more,
By which the Tories have set great store—
The noble bill for preserving game,
For preventing the peasant
From killing the pheasant,
Or partridge, or rabbit, be it ever so tame.
Henceforth no one dares
To give himself 'ares,
And each tavern landlord who for supper now caters
Must confine his *ménu* to his chops and baked taturs,
And take care no Welsh rabbits are brought by his waiters.

And Literature? Well, thank you, sir! I think she's yet alive,
Though in years of Exhibition she can scarce be said to thrive;
But yet some books have been produced—'bove all, one magazine
Which—Eh? 'Don't puff ourselves!'—well, well! you all know what I mean!
Anthony Trollope
Has made a great vol. up,
To show how the Yankees brag, smoke, spit, and lollop;
And clever, benevolent, good Mrs. Oliphant
Endeavours to prove how that preacher of folly fantastical, violent, *brusque* Edward Irving
Has ne'er gained the *kudos* of which he's deserving.
Save 'Philip' by Thackeray,
There's but a slack array
Of genuine novels—mere shreds and tin-tack-ery.
Do you ask me to whom I refer, as to blame,
I decline to reply, sir! I give you 'No Name.'

The Streets? ah me! what visions rise
Before my sun-dimmed, dust-filled eyes!
Joskins in smocks,
Sturdy as rocks,
Bronze-faced Jennies in cotton frocks,
Gaping, staring, stopping the road,
Sworn at by cabmen and 'cussed' and 'blowed.
And here's Mossoo!
How d'ye do?
Who'd have thought of seeing you?
Shrugging, jabbering, asking his way,
Hustled and robbed, yet *toujours gai*,
Cheated by every one every day,
And finding each street the Rue de la *Pay*.

Then the Exhibition?
Oh! I'm in no condition
To call up before me its marvels rare—
The Hereford screen,
The testimonial to Kean,
Nicholay's sealskin, or Wedgwood's ware.
Like a man in a dream
I now constantly seem
To be mixing up all things with which my brains teem!
Dent's great clock
Is a model dry dock,
With an Armstrong gun for its minute hand,
The Koh-i-noor's set in a peal of bells,
I can't see the bullfinch that pipes, for swells
Who chatter and cluster and gape and stand
Exactly straight between us:
The Egyptian Sybil has broken loose,
On the Sèvres' china she's cooked her goose
With the best of the mixed pickle trophy juice—
While woe is me! tell it not in Gath!
The Majolica fountain is used as a bath
By Gibson's tinted Venus!

And in Art there's a lull,
Business is dull
So say the R.A.'s, who've this year made a mull,
Though what they expected to me is a myth,
They'd no Landseer, no Ward, no Maclise, and no Frith,
While down at Fowke's Folly—the Great Exhibition—
On their very own ground they'd a strong opposition.
To say nothing of Frith's 'Railway Station,' or Leech's
Oil sketches! John Leech, the great master who teaches
A lesson the youngest can well understand,
For his humour and purity go hand in hand!

Q.

A LETTER FROM THE LORD DUNDREARY.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

'ANY fellah feelth nervouth when he knowth he'th going to make an ath of himthelf.'*

That's vewy twue—I said so the other night you know—and I—I've often thed tho before. But the fact is—evewy fellah dothnt make an ass of himthelf, at least not quite such an ath as I've done in my time. I—don't mind telling you, Mr. Editor, but pon my word now—I—I've made an awful ath of mythelf on thome occathions.—You don't believe it now—do you? I—thought you wouldn't—but I have now—*weally*. Particularly with wegard to women.—To say the twuth that is my weakneth—I spose I'm what they call a ladies' man. The pwetty cweachaws like me—I know they do—though they pwetend not to do so. It—it's the way with some fellahs—There was hith late Majesty George the Fourth—I never thaw him mythelf you know, but I've heard he had a sort of way with him that—that *no* woman could wesist.—They used to call him a cam—what is it? a camelia—no camel leopard, no—chameleon isn't it? that attwacts people with its eyes—no, by the way that—that's the bwute that changes colour—it couldn't have been that you know, —Georgius Wex—never changed colour—he he'd got beyond blushing he had—he only blushed once—early—vewy early in life, and then it was by mistake—no cam—chameleon's *not* the word—What the dooth is it? Oh stop—it begins with a B. By the way its 'stonishing how many words begin with a B. Oh, an awful lot. No—no wonder Dr. Watts talked about the—the busy B. Why, he's more work than all the west of the Alphabet—However the word begins with a B, and it's Bas—Basiloose—yes, that's it—stop, I'd better look it out in the Dictionary to make certain.—I—I hate to make mistakes—I do—especially about a thimple matter like this. Oh, here we are—B. Basilica.

No it—that can't be the word you know—George was king, and if—if Basilica means a royal palace—they—they might have been—welations—but that's all—no it isn't Basilica—it—it's Basilisk—yes, I've got it now—it's Bathilith. That's what His Majesty was—a Bathilith and fascinated fair cweachaws with his eye. Let me see—where was I?—Oh I wekomember—or weckolect—which is it? Never mind, I was saying that I was a ladies' man. I wanted to tell you of one successful advenchaw I had—at least when I say successful, I mean it would have been, as far as *I* was concerned—but of course when two people are engaged—or wather—when *one* of 'em *wants* to be engaged, one fellah by himself can't engage that he'll engage affections that are otherwise engaged. By the way, what a lot of 'gages that was in one thentence, and yet—it seems quite *fruitless*—Come, that's pwetty smart, that is,—for me.

Well, as I was saying—I mean as I meant to have said—when I was stopping down at Wockingham with the Widleys, last autumn, there was a mons'ous jolly girl staying there too. I don't mean *too* girls you know—only—only *one* girl—But stop a minute—Is that right? How could *one* girl be stopping there *two*—What doosid queer expwessions there are in the English language . . . Stopping there two—! It's vewy odd I—I'l swear there was only one girl—at least the one that *I* mean was only one—If she'd been two, of course I should have known it—Let me see now, one is singular, and two is plural—well, you know, she *was* a singular girl—and she—she was one too many for me.—Ah I see now—that accounts for it—one *two* many—of course—I *knew* there was a

* In publishing the following communication from Lord Dundreary we have taken the liberty of occasionally altering the orthography of our noble contributor, in order to realize that peculiarly aristocratic pronunciation of the queen's English which is so eminently characteristic of his lordship.—ED. L. S.

two somewhere. She had a vewy queer name, Miss—miss—Missmiss no, not Miss Missmiss—I always miss the wrong—I mean the right name, Miss Chaffingham—that's it—Charlotte Chaffingham.—I weckomember Charlotte, because they called her Lotty—and one day at bweakfast—I made a stunning widdle—I said—'Why is Miss Charlotte like a London cabman—?' Well, none of them could guess it.—They twied and twied, and at last my brother Sam, who was in England then,—he gave a most stupid anthwer—he said, 'I know,' he said—'She's like a London cabman because she's got a *fair back*.'

Did you ever hear anything so widiculous? Just as if her face wasn't much pwettier than her back?—Why *I* could see that for I was sitting opposite her.—It's twue Sam was just behind her, offering some muffins, but—you know he'd seen her face, and he weally ought to have known better. I told him so—I said, 'Tham, you ought to be athamed of yourthelf, *that'th* not the anthwer.'

Well, of course then they all wanted to know, and I—I told 'em—ha, ha!—MY answer was good—wasn't it?—Oh, I forgot I haven't told you—well—here it is—I said—

'Miss Charlotte is like a London cabman, because she's a Lotty Chaffingham,' (of course I meant, lot o' chaff in him)—D'ye see?—Doosid good *I* call it—but would you believe—? all the party began woarwing with laughter all wound.—At first I thought they were laughing at the widdle, and I laughed too, but at last Captain Wagsby said (by the way I hate Wagsby—he's so doosid familiar)—Captain Wagsby said—'Mulled it again, my Lord.' From this low expwession—which I weckolect at Oxford, I thought that they thought I had made a mithtake and asked them what they meant by woarwing in that absurd manner.

'Why, don't you see, Dundreary,' some one said—'It won't do—yuu've forgotten the lady's sex—Miss Charlotte can't be said to have any chaff in *him*. It ought to be chaff in *her*'—and then they began to woar again. Upon my word now, it hadn't occurred to me certainly before, but I don't see *now* that it was such a mistake. What's the use of being so doosid particular about the *sense* of a widdle as long as it's a good one? Abthurd!

Well, after breakfast we went out for a stroll upon the lawn, and somehow or other Miss Chaffingham paired off with me.—She was a doosid stunning girl, you know.—A fellah often talks about stunning girls, and when yuu see them they're *not* so stunning, after all; but Lotty weally was a doosid stunning girl—fair eyes and beautifully blue ha—no! blue hair and fair—I (confound it, I always make that mistake when there's more than one adjective in a thentence)—I mean fair hair and beautifully blue eyes, and she had a way of looking at one, that—that weally almost took one's bweath away. I've often heard about a fellah's falling in love. I never did so mythelf, you know—at least not that I weckomember—I mean weckolect—before that morning. But weally she did look *so* jolly bweaking her egg at bweakfast—so bewitching when she just smashed the shell all wound with her thpoon before she began to eat it—I, I weally began to feel almost *thpooney* mythelf. Ha, ha! there I am at it again: I weally must bweak mythelf of this habit of joking: it's vewy low, you know—like a beathly clown in a b-beathly pantomime—I oughtn't to have said beathly twice, I know.—A fellah once told me, that if—if a man says the same adjective twice in one thentence he's taught ological. But he's wrong—you know—for *I* often do, and I'm sure *I* never was taught anything of the kind.

However—Lotty was a stunning girl, and we walked all about the lawn—down into the shwubbery to look into some bush after a wobin wedbweast that she said had built a nest there—and sure enough, when we got to it, there was this little weddin-wob—I mean wobbin-wedbeast looking out of a gweat lump of moss, and as it was sitting there vewy quiet—I thought to myself—I—I'll have you, old cock—(I heard afterwards that it was a hen—so

'twas a vewy good thing I didn't say tho out loud, you know), and thinking Lotty would be pleased if I caught it, I thwust my hand in as quick as I could, but you know those little wedding—wobbin—web—beasts are so doosid sharp—and I'm dashed if it didn't fly out on the other side.

'You thtupid man,' Lotty thaid—'Why—you—you've fwitened the poor little thing away.'

I was wather wild at first at being call *thtupid*, that's a sort of thing—*no* fellah likes, but—dash it, I'd have stood anything from Lotty—I—I'd have carried her pwayer-book to church—I'd have parted my hair on one side—or—no—yes—I think I'd have even *thaved off my whiskers* for her thake.

'Poor dear little wobbin,' she said—'It will never come back any more—I'm afwaid you've made it desert.'—Made it *desert*—what did she mean by that? I thought she meant the eggs—so taking one up, I said, 'You—you don't mean to thay they eat these speckly things after dinner?' I said.

'Of course not,' she weplied—and I think I had hit the wite nail on the head, for she began to laugh twemendously, and told me to put the egg quietly in its place and then pwaps the little wobbin would come back. Which I hope the little beggar did.—At the top of the long walk at Wockingham there is a summer-house—though why so called I don't know, for I've been down there hunting at Christmas—and there it is just the same *then*.—However, this—summer-house is built up of twunks of twees in what they call twellis work—all



twisted together, you know, in a sort of vewy perplexthing way and lined with bark.—Now I think of it—I think it's called—'wustic' work—I spose because it's only found near gentleman's houses.—However it's a jolly sort of place with a lot of ferns and things about, and behind there are a lot of shrubs and bushes and pwickly plants which give a sort of rural or *wurwal*, which is it?—blest if I know—look to the place,

and as it was vewy warm, I thought if I'm ever to make an ath of mythelf by pwoposing to this girl—I won't do it out in the eye of the sun—it's so pwecious hot. So I pwoposed we should walk in and sit down, and so we did, and then I began:

'Miss Chaffingham, now, don't you think it doosid cool?'

'*Cool*, Lord D.,' she said; 'why, I thought you were complaining of the heat.'

'I beg your pardon,' I said, 'I—I—can't speak vewy fast (the fact is, that a beathly wasp was buththing about me at the moment,) and I hadn't quite finished my thentence.—I was going to say, don't you think it's doosid cool of Wagsby to go on laughing—at—at a fellah as he does?'

'Well, my Lord,' she said, 'I think so too; and I wonder you stand it. You—have your remedy, you know.'

'What wemedy?' I said. 'You—you don't mean to say I ought to thwash him, Miss Charlotte?'

Here she—she somehow began to laugh, but in such a peculiar way that I—I couldn't think what she meant.

'A vewy good idea,' I said. 'I've a vewy good mind to twy it. I had on the gloves once with a lay figure in a painter's studio—and gave it an awful licking. It's true it—it didn't hit back, you know—I—*I* did all the hitting then. And pwaps—pwaps Wagsby *would* hit back. But if—if he did anything so ungentlemanlike as that, I could always—always——'

'Always *what*, my Lord?' said Lotty, who was going on laughing in a most hystewical manner.

'Why I could always say it was a mithtake, and—and it shouldn't happen again, you know.'

'Admirable policy, upon my word,' she said, and began tittering again. But what the dooth amused her so *I* never could make out. Just then we heard a sort of rustling in the leaves behind, and I confess I felt wather nervouth.

'It's only a bird,' Lotty said; and then we began talking of that little wobbin-wedbreast, and what a wonderful thing Nature is—and how doosid pwetty it was to see her laws obeyed. And I said, 'Oh! Miss Chaffingham,' I said, 'if I was a wobbin——'

'Yes, Dundreary,' she anthered—vewy soft and sweet. And I thought to mythelf—'Now's the time to ask her—now's the time to——.' I—I was beginning to wuminate again, but she bwought me to my thenses by saying—

'Yes?' interwoggatively.

'If I was a wobbin, Lotty—and—and *you* were a wobbin——' I—exclaimed—with a voice full of emothun.

'Well, my Lord?'

'Wouldn't it be—jolly to hatch one's own eggs for breakfast?'

The above wasn't *quite* what I was going to say, but just at that moment there was another rustling behind the summer-house, and I thought I heard a thort of thtifled laugh. I started to my feet—for haven't wobberies been often committed in these kind of places? I thought of Wush, Burke, Manning, and a lot of other atthathins, and thnatching up the only weapon at hand—my umbwella (a jolly little green silk one, without which I never go out), I wushed behind into the shwubbery. By Jove! I never did such a thing before; and I'll take vewy good care it's the last time. The beathly bwambles caught me in all diwecthuns—about my coat—about my wethcut—about my—in thort, evewywhere—and one of those confwounded fungus things—a thort of imitathun muthroom, called a puff-ball—exploded under me when I fell, and covered me with powder. I was in an awful thtate. The worst of it was, I might have just as well stopped where I was. There was no fellah *behind* the thummer-houth; but, confound it all—when I looked in at the window there I thaw that bwute Wagsby in his leather overalls, with that beathly fishing-rod of his, talking to Lotty.

'What's the wow, Dundweawy?' said he, gwinning at me out of the little window.

'What's the wow?' I said. 'Why that's the vewy thing I wanted to know.—I heard a sort of—sort of

wustling behind here, and I wushed in to see what it was, but I can't find anything at all except a lot of b—beathly pwickly plants and a muthroom that—that goes off with a bang by thpontaneous combustion.'

'Haw haw, ha ha,' said Wagsby and began laughing again in a dweadfully idiotic sort of way—'hee hee!—what a stunning lark!'

'I tell you what,' I said, 'if that *was* a lark, it *must* have been a stunning one to make all that wow.'

Upon this he began to woar again—and said—'No, old fellow'—(I—I hate a man who calls me old fellow—it's so beathly familiar)—'All right,' he said, 'it was only Tow, sir.'

'And what the dooth is Tow, sir?' said I.

'Towzer—my dog—he ran on before me after a rabbit, and chased it into the shrubbery—and here he is—lie down, Towzer—lie down, sir!'

And then I heard a great yelping and bow-wowing, and a howwid gweat Newfoundland monthter rushed upon the scene.

It's vewy lucky I had my little gween umbwella with me, for the moment I came out of the shrubbery this disguthting quadruped—this Towzer—jumped upon me, and I had the gweatest difficulty in maintaining my equilibwium.

'It—it's only his play, my Lord—down Towzer, down!' cried Wagsby, gwinning like a baboon.

'Hang his play, sir,' said I—'conthider my waistcoat.' So he whistled and called the bwute away, and then explained that he had come down from the Hall on purpose to fetch us back (confound him), as they had just awwanged to start on one of those cold-meat excursions—no, that's not the word, I know—but it has something to do with cold meat—pic—pickles is it?—no, pickwick? pic—I have it—*picnic*—that's it—they wanted us to go picklicking—I mean picnicking with them.

Here was a dithappointment.—Just as I thought to have a nice little flirtathun with Lotty—to be interwupted in this manner! Was ever anything so pwovoking? And all for a picnic—a thort of—of early dinner without chairs or tables, and a lot of flies in the muthtard! I was in *such* a wage!

'We're going to pull up the river,' said Wagsby. 'I've got an outrigger down at the ferry.—Of course *you'll* take an oar, my Lord?'

'O certainly,' said I. I didn't exactly know what he meant then, for you see I'm not a boating man; but as for *taking* an oar—any fellah can do *that*, I thought—they're not so vewy heavy.—'O yes,' I said—'I—I'll take an oar—t—two or thwee, if you like.'

At this he began laughing again, and was going to offer his arm to Lotty, but I—I wouldn't have *that* at any pwice.—So I pointed out Towzer to him, who was at that moment scwaping up the flowerbeds, and playing the dooth with the gewaniums.

'Don't you think you'd better look after your dog, captain?' said I; and while he went off to collar it, I took Miss Chaffingham under MY protection, as we walked to the Hall; but Wagsby was close at hand, and of course I couldn't say all I wanted—I had lost my opportunity, and, I fear, made an ath of mythelf.

Could *I* help it? I thwow mythelf, Mr. Editor, on your mercy for an anthwer, and wemain

Yr most obedt. servant,

DUNDREARY.

DIPPINGTON; OR SOCIETY ON THE SEA-SHORE.

THE London printers have a proverb, that 'When lavender comes in, the printer's pipe goes out;' in other words, that when lavender begins to bloom the publishing season closes. The world goes out of London. The town, as the Belgravian footman, who 'turns gray twice a day in the service of his master,' expresses it, the town gets positively empty. The theatres are less filled—the Row is thinned—the parks are dull—the squares are furrowed by fewer carriages; all London but a million and a half or so is gone to the sea-side or somewhere in the country.

It is about this time when the paving stones in Regent Street get nearly red-hot in the afternoon, and the cabman in the bruised hat with rusty crape round it, lolls asleep on his box, and dreaming of foreign gentlemen, innocent of what change should come out of a crown, lets a dozen of foreign gentlemen hail him unheeded, and sleeps on in his warm and innocent sleep. It is about this time, I say, when knapsacks and Murray's Guides and Tourists' Companions begin to crop out in shop-windows, that we begin to feel the preliminary symptoms of the sea-side mania. The Seasidina, by some supposed to be an offshoot of Scarlatina, is upon us. We hope and pray that our doctor will order us to the sea-side and ask him to dinner expressly, in order that he may. We tell him, over the 'comet-year' port, that we are languid—that we want bracing—that we are tired of home, are cross and tired—that we have been overworking: at last, he seems to divine our hopes, for he requests to look at our tongue; and just as he is putting a second lump of sugar in his coffee, draws round to us and says—

'My dear sir, what you want is change and sea air.'

Now I know perfectly well that if I was a poor fellow in the City, with six children and a sick wife, I could do very well without change of air, and should pull on very comfortably with a walk in the parks, or a row to Richmond, a pic-nic on Epping, or a ramble on Blackheath. But when I see the whole of Great Decorum Street, where I live, emptying, house after house, and every morning, cabs loading with sponge-baths, and perambulators, and trunks, and gun-cases, and fishing-rods, how can a man resist the infection and not feel that he imperatively requires change, even if the family doctor positively refuses to prescribe it, and thereby incur the loss of six weeks' medicine? I at once assume the languishing contemplativeness of an invalid. I go out and buy dust coats, fez caps, camp-stools, and bathing towels. I buy them with the air of a contented martyr. I go about exacting sympathy from all my friends. I am 'a man who has been ordered change of air by his doctor.' I refuse to dance at balls on the strength of this argument; I am looked on with interest at dinner parties as a decided invalid, and all the time I know it is a joke, and feel inclined to laugh when my friends meet me and ask me if I feel any better.

The origin of sea-bathing as a curative agency is uncertain. A heretic friend of mine says it is quite a modern invention, introduced about the time that late hours and railway travelling began to affect the nerves, and that when boiled down and pared, and reduced to common-sense essence, sea-bathing means only early hours, shrimps, country, and a good deal of open-air washing.

'Pouf!' the heretic says, in his contemptuous way; 'a man goes down to Ryde or Hastings, rises early, goes to bed early, lives simply and naturally, comes back with a chest full of oxygen, and an appetite that he has not known for ten years, and then he goes and attributes all that to sea-bathing. Pouf! Waiter, bring me the evening paper and some Stilton cheese. Pouf!'

I certainly must admit that, in books, prior to the artificial ages of our German kings, I never found

any allusion to the custom that London now has, of rushing once a year violently down a steep place into the sea. Earth-baths, shampooing, and other fancies, I have read of, but sea-bathing, before the Hanoverian sovereigns, never. I wonder what our good, sober (mentally I mean) ancestors, who lived over their shops in Lombard Street and Cheapside, did year after year without travelling; but I suppose somehow or other they lived through it, and married, and laughed, and cried, and were buried much as we, their more restless and mercurial children, are. It is astonishing how much there' is a man with money finds he cannot do without, of which wants, when a poor and simpler-minded man, he was totally ignorant. Once feel that you are restricted to a certain spot, and that spot at once becomes a prison. Once feel that you can get change of air cheaply and quickly, and change of air instantly becomes a necessary of life. In a word, it is these cheap railways, stretching their iron arms over to us, that make us restless; and it is these yellow and red excursion bills on every luggage office that act on us like blisters and drive us to travel.

The first symptoms of Seasidina, differ in different constitutions; sometimes it is a photograph of Ryde Pier or Scarborough Cliffs that sets us off; then it is Frith's picture of Ramsgate Sands, or that blatant old song of Barry Cornwall's—

'The sea, the sea, the open sea!'

roared out at a wine party; or it may be Tennyson's lines—

'She show'd an iron coast and angry waves,
You seemed to hear them climb and fall,
And roar, rock-thwarted under bellowing caves,
Beneath the windy wall,'

repeated by a friend addicted to poetry; or it may be a nautical drama, or some horrible briny magnetism that in office hours, if he has office hours, and a taste for verse, drives him to attempt yachting songs on his blotting pad, beginning—

'Fast, fast and free through the frothing sea,
Our cutter broke away;
It had been my fancy to name her "Nancy,"
That very April day.'—&c., &c.

or,

'Our sails swell out; o'er emerald plains
The purple shadows play,
We're bound to yonder rim of white
Some thirty miles away;'

for this is, perhaps, a more advanced state of the disease. The next step is to buy a tawny Bradshaw or a yellow A B C, and decide where to go to.

Shall it be the Isle of Wight, lying like a water-lily on the sea, or Scarborough, with its pleasant cliff and fells; or Ramsgate, with its glimpse of the French coast, faint and blue in the distance, or Hastings, or Worthing, or Brighton, or where?

And just, perhaps, as you have shaken off this premonitory symptom, you are seized again with a more fatal pining as walking down the Strand you see in nearly every window some bait for the tourist—wicker flasks, fishing-rods, waterproof knapsacks, guide books, tourists' dressing-cases, &c. He is a lost man. If he is a merchant, he next day makes preparations for the journey. If he is a married man he delights his wife and children by promising them a treat at the seaside. If he is a clergyman, he begins to look about everywhere for young curates to do his duty. If he is an artist, he packs up his easel and paint-box ready for departure. If he is in chambers, he that very night writes on a large card—

'GONE INTO THE COUNTRY
FOR SIX WEEKS,'

and nailing it on his outer door, spends half an hour going to different points of view observing its effect.

Perhaps the best part of a holiday is the anticipation of it. Certainly the pleasure of a holiday commences from the time that we know that we are going to have one. The pleasantest foretaste of a journey is when we cram the last coat into our portmanteau, and then throw ourselves on the lid, as if struggling with a mortal enemy, feeling we have given him the death-blow when the key clicks in the lock. Then comes the pleasant sleep, with dreams of undiscovered

countries, and a tremendous sea lashing its shore, with thousands of tourists (you conspicuous among the number) leaping like live trout among the waves.

There is something very delightful about the first night at the sea-side. The ruby light at the pier-head—the clear, sharp stroke of the ship-bells—the moving lights out at sea—the delightful uncertainty of what lies before you, and on either side—or which way the town bears, or where the bay begins or ends, or where the bathing-place is—lends a delightful mystery to the whole scene.

Then the sea — for an infallible



THE FIRST NIGHT AT THE SEA-SIDE.

magnetism is sure (do what you may) to lead you there—seems that night to you more sublime and awful than ever: its waves, ten thousand abreast, roll in with a long moaning wash of foam, race up to your feet, and then rush back again into the deep. Far as you can see them, they roll in and roll out, with a hopeless violence and a despairing rage. You are poetizing, perhaps, as you listen, untired, to the plunging roar of the breakers along the shore, when a voice through the twilight says—

'Shall you want a bathing machine to-morrow morning, sir?'

There is a charm in the first night at the sea-side even in the bald, dreary lodging-house drawing-room, whose loose carpet the sea air, through the open window, every moment flaps up. There is a charm even in the portrait of the landlady's first husband, in sable profile, that flutters on the wall. There is a charm ineffable even in the shrimps for tea, and in the distant moan of the sea, that at a distance sounds not unlike the roar of Piccadilly heard from some quiet nook in Hyde Park.

The first bath the morning after arrival at a sea-side place is espe-

cially delightful. You dress rudely, and ramble out, half sulky, half pleased.

However early it is, the sun, that indefatigable early riser, seems to have been up hours before. The gulls are blowing about like white blossoms over the sea; high up over the barley fields on the chalk cliffs the larks are singing their morning hymn (old version) in their gleesome, untiring way. The sea is half golden, half laughing, glittering green, and in the far distance it stretches away in a band of sapphire.

The hooded boxes, called bathing machines, are already on the move. Three are wallowing out at sea, and their inmates I can see bobbing and splashing and striking out five hundred yards away. Two more have amphibious horses harnessed to them, and are being driven out seaward. The others are still high and dry, the fine sand half way up their wheels, their drivers talking together, as they sit on the steps counting out bathing towels.

You select your machine, you run up the steps. Lock the door close. The horse is put, and you hear the chains of his harness jingle, and the shout as the driver mounts to his seat. Presently the machine lifts, and jolts, and topples on—a splash—the wheels are in the water, and now the waves lap and flap against the steps. The horse is unhooked, and tramples backwards past the window. There is a silence—you are alone out at sea, and the waves race and leap up under the hood, as if longing to get at you.

I hang up my clothes on nails. I tread shiveringly over the sodden carpet and the gritty floor. I undo the door, and look out under the cavern roof of the hood. What a mere little plummet of flesh I seem to be, to be let down by that briny rope into the green fathoms of that vast and seething sea! I descend like a frightened diver. That moment a breaker tears in under the hood, and licks me off the steps. It treats me as it would treat a fisherman's float on a yard of sea-weed, or the wreck of a man-of-war, or anything great or small that is at its mercy. I battle with that dread shapeless monster, and fight my way out beyond the hood. There are the cliffs, white in the sunlight, and out seaward the horizon stretches in a line of trembling silver. I still, when the breaker passes, feel the sand soft under my feet—soft pillow for many a poor dead seaman's head, soft rest for dead seaman's buried gold and treasure. I wade out towards the wave I see spreading along towards me. It buffets me—it tramples on me—its froth pours over me in a wash as of lather. Suddenly I feel the blood rush to my heart—I am out of my depth, and I cannot swim. What if I am carried out to sea! I strike homeward, and feel I am getting nearer and nearer. Hurrah!—I catch at the hood of the machine, and am landed.

Half an hour later I am at the open window of a house in the Marine Parade, in a pleasant glow from bathing, and at breakfast. The damp sheet of the 'Times' (half an acre of news) lies before me. I am shelling shrimps, and sipping my tea. Every now and then I take a look out of window. I am supremely happy: I feel I have earned my breakfast.

Now, a stripling in a straw-hat and blue riband, with a telescope under his dexter arm, paces by on his way to the pier, and a pretty sister in a round hat with him; or some children come by with dank hair, fresh from bathing; or the two old maids next door come in from their morning walk; or Captain Spicer shouts up to me to know if I would like a stroll when I have done 'grubbing,' as he rather roughly calls it; and in the distance beyond, where the signal-flag flows crimson, I see boats, and white and orange sails, diminishing in the distance, till they become mere gray specks.

After breakfast you can go knocking about the red and white balls on the green cloth of the billiard-table at the other end of the Parade; or, after a walk along the cliffs inland, go and practise archery at those helpless stuffed soldiers on the beach; or go and take a chair, and get a book, and read and stare at the sea alternately. But the walk on the cliff is best; for there the wild flowers nod in the chalk clefts, and

you can lie in the clover fields, and fall asleep in lazy beatitude as the lark rises singing over your head, its innocent music incorporating itself deliciously with your dream.

Or you can call on Mrs. Fitz Jones, and offer to take the young ladies out for a sail. Mrs. F. J. accepts your polite offer with readiness. The 'girls' appear in charming hats, with little black cockades just in front of them, and parasols that resemble large tulips. They have tried to make themselves ugly with blue 'uglies,' but they have totally failed.

We are going out as far as the Galloper Sand. The wind catches the sail, and strains it tight. We trip and skim over the sea, and the eldest Miss Fitz Jones—Miss Dora Fitz Jones—volunteers a song about 'Tis twilight on the wave, dear,' which the boatman seems to be enraptured at; and so am I, only that it blows rather fresh, and I am not much accustomed to a leaping sea, and the water comes in our boat just a little. We drive so fast, that the boat quite dips down on the one side, as if it was trying to drown itself, which makes me nervous; and the Misses Fitz Jones cling together like the brides of Venice; and all the way home (with no wind and dead rowing) the waterman entertains us with smuggling stories, and salvage stories, that extort interjections from the Misses Fitz-Jones.

Now there is an unshipping of oars, a furling of sails, as we skim along the mossy angle of the pier, and are home again. I hear the ring of the shipwrights' hammers—we drive in among the fleet of boats.

Socially, Dippington—for it is Dippington I have been all the time surreptitiously sketching — is not lively. There is the eternal raffle, with the prizes more disappointing than the blanks; the reading room, with every work but the one you want; but, after all, the sea, and not the land, is what we come to Dippington for.

It is our duty to sit on the sands, and, like so many sham King Canutes, to watch the waves roll in and out.

It is the worthy citizens in the *dégagé* dress, the extraordinary straw hats, and the buff slippers we come to study; it is the good-natured wives who collect shells and seaweed; the children who build sandcastles, and dig little puddle graves for soft little crabs, whose honest pleasure we come to share in.

And long may the Seasidina attacks continue to prevail in August with their usual virulence, if they give to tried, brain-wearied people a few weeks of pure air and repose —of rest from the grinding roar of London—of rest from money-grubbing and rushing to and fro—from feverish desk-work and mill-horse rotation in Rotten Row; and all we wish is to meet some of the readers of this article a week or two hence on Ryde Pier, or on the Castle Hill at Scarborough, or on the beach at Dippington, enjoying their 'change of air.'

BEAUTIFUL LUCY PIERSON.

A Tale.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was quite an excitement and an air of something being about to happen in the usually stagnant town of Clayton. There were groups of two, three, and four standing about in the generally deserted street. Mr. Slangroom, solicitor No. 1, who lived in a large house standing in its own secluded and rather damp grounds, on this especial afternoon stopped to shake hands with the daughters of solicitor No. 2 (who had to struggle hard to keep the roof of a modest small red brick tenement over his head) instead of passing with his customary crushingly condescending bow. In the open square in the middle of the town, around whose edge all the 'best houses' stood, the chief members of the female population were disporting themselves airily in summer garments of the latest fashion from London. The wife of the inspecting commander of the coast-guard district, the slightly faded but remarkably elegant Mrs. Jackson herself, whose claims to superiority would have been undoubted had it not been for the difficulty she occasionally laboured under about the correct distribution of her H's—this lady, who would have loved to rule the whole town as she ruled the small naval hero her husband, who was in his turn a terror to the neighbourhood, through his peculiar method of driving the two 'regulation horses' government allowed him—this lady, I repeat, on this day of marvels, was seen to give her hand in a cordial and friendly manner to Mrs. Jones, the wife of the lieutenant of the station, whom, up to this auspicious day, she had always (at all events in public) kept at a distance. The surgeon's wife, whose father had been a gentleman farmer, forgot to flout the rival surgeon's wife, who had come a stranger to the place, and who had been unable to state precisely what her father had been. Every one seemed eager, anxiously happy, and slightly bewildered; and what it was all about shall now be told.

Just inside the turnpike gate which gave admittance to the town on the east, stood enclosed by high brick walls and secured from intrusion by massive doors, bolted, barred, and bound with iron, a large, square, substantial mansion. This was the rectory; and for many years the rectory had kept watch and frowning ward over that portion of the town, empty and deserted; for the shepherd of the flock at Clayton had been on the Continent for twelve years, and no curate was permitted to occupy his house.

The Rev. Thomas Pierson, some thirty years before the time my story opens, had been a rich young clergyman. The living of Clayton was in his family, so he came to the income it brought him without incumbrances of any kind. He had an established place amongst the magnates of the county in right of his profession, position, social qualities, and wealth. And soon the tie became stronger; for he married Miss Marchmont, the daughter of the oldest, poorest, and proudest baronet in the county.

For some years all had gone merry as a marriage bell with the Rev. Thomas and his aristocratic bride. The lady was seen on Sundays by her husband's admiring congregation stepping daintily out of her carriage and along the aisle to her curtained pew; and occasionally, if any one was ill, and did not live in too small an alley for her pony-chaise to convey her to the door, she would drive up, and leave for the sufferer a basket of beautifully-arranged fruit and flowers. This was all that was known about her, and no one can affect to consider it aught but good as far as it goes.

In the course of years, four daughters stepped along with her up the aisle—religious little ladies, thought the people, for the youthful damsels looked not either to the right or left. But when the two eldest of these young ladies were grown up, and got invited to the houses of some of their father's parishioners, and would not go; and when the surgeons, and solicitors, and wealthy merchants of Clayton found that their daughters did not get invited in their turn to participate in the many festivities that were going on at the rectory, the whole Pierson family were pronounced 'abominably proud,' and disliked with a heartiness that only people bent on pursuing the even tenour of their way, regardless of the attempts of others to thrust intimacies upon them, can experience. This being the state of affairs at Clayton, small sympathy was felt or expressed by the inhabitants thereof when one fine day the fact cropped out of the Rev. Thomas Pierson having got into such difficulties that a lengthened residence abroad would alone set him straight with the world again. He wrought, to be sure, a little on the hearts of his female auditors by the touching allusion he made in his farewell sermon to those 'sons of mammon and unrighteousness who were distressing him and those innocent ones who were dependent on him.' Two or three ladies resolved to call at the rectory in a day or two, and attempt to see and console Mrs. Pierson (she was a Marchmont after all) in her sorrow. In these days of her humility she might come down from her high estate and be friendly with them, and then they could speak of her afterwards to their friends as 'dear Mrs. Pierson,' and say, 'how they missed her.' But this was not to be. The following day Clayton was shaken to the centre of its being by a travelling carriage and four dashing out of the rectory grounds, containing Mrs. Pierson and three of her daughters, and laden with trunks. Later in the day, a fly from the principal inn conveyed away the rector and the fourth Miss Pierson; and in the evening the most distinguished inhabitants of the town received notes of farewell, with the Pierson crest on the paper and envelopes. And then no more was heard about them in Clayton for twelve years. But now a rumour, which had been vague and undefined at first, had gathered form and substance, and the report that 'the Piersons were coming home again' was an authentic one; more than this, their return was not a thing of the far-off future, they were coming home to-night. Even as one made this announcement to the other as they met and conversed in the open square it became an accomplished fact; carriages full of ladies and luggage passed them on their way from the recently-erected railway station to the rectory; and, peering anxiously into the last of these, the gratified inhabitants of Clayton had the pleasure of seeing the head of their revered rector rising above surging waves of crinoline.

The Piersons had been absent for twelve years, pursuing their plan of retrenchment; and how had it answered? It was difficult to discover, so difficult that it baffled the curiosity of Clayton entirely. The 'county,' their 'own set,' might know, but the 'town' remained, to its sorrow, in ignorance. The ladies of the place made friendly calls as soon as they could reasonably suppose the Piersons had had time to shake into something like order, but they met with a strictly parochial reception, and found out nothing save that the rectory drawing-room was furnished almost exclusively with what looked like the young ladies' handiwork. The table-cloths had painted velvet borders, the chairs, sofas, curtain borders, were all of wool work; and 'all this,' said Mrs. Jackson, the naval commander's wife, who had lived in a garrison in her early days, and been accustomed to see old boxes appear to the uninitiated as elegant ottomans through a little sleight-of-hand, 'all this looked like making the best of nothing.' One thing seemed certain—if the Piersons were just as poor as when they left, they were not one whit less proud.

The eldest Miss Pierson's reputa-

tion had preceded her; she was a great beauty. The name of those foreign princelings and noblemen who had sought the hand of the lovely Englishwoman was legion; so at least said report: the only wonder was that, as all these aspirants had been so unexceptionable, she should have returned to Clayton 'Miss Pierson.'

Lucy Pierson was unquestionably a lovely woman, for 'girlhood' had passed with her; a really beautiful woman of thirty, with every charm unimpaired. The soft, clear, pale brunette line of her face was as purely delicate as ever it had been in her earliest youth; the smooth brow was as unwrinkled, the deep lids, shading eyes of the darkest hazel, were as freshly full. And if Time, laden as his wings had been with many disappointments, fraught as he had been with many 'forlorn hopes,' had been kind to the face, so had he been in an equal degree to the form, of my heroine. She was still the perfection of symmetry: with the easy elasticity of youth she combined the rounded polished grace of movement as well as of limb of maturer years. Her face was very small, of a perfect oval, and as charming in expression as it was in feature. For almost any other face, the brow, exquisite as it was, would have been too low, but not so in this; none other, indeed, would have so well suited those rounded cheeks and that little chiselled nose. Her mouth was not of the full, passionate order of beauty; never a marble mouth was carved more coldly clear than hers. Statue-like as her loveliness was, Lucy had not the severe unsympathetic manner which usually accompanies it; on the contrary, the winning charm which surrounded her as a cloud was quite as attributable to the pleasing grace of her manner as to her wonderful beauty. And with all this, she had come back, after a lengthened residence abroad, to dreary Clayton, 'Miss Pierson' still.

Beautiful Lucy Pierson had come back to Clayton as lovely as ever, and most winningly did she receive and endeavour to entertain those ladies of the place who called to make them welcome; but not the less did she dislike the place, despise the people, and determine to change her position as soon as opportunity offered. Of the three younger sisters I have little or nothing to say; they were quite as proud, and far less pretty than their sister Lucy, and were comparatively very uninteresting. But they were amiable girls, and were quite aware that it would ill become them to think of marrying until Lucy was disposed of entirely to her satisfaction. Clayton was not the best place in the world to bring marriageable daughters to. The great people they had known previous to going on the Continent to retrench had died off, and their sons and daughters reigned in their stead, and these had forgotten the Piersons, or, if they had not forgotten, did not care anything about them. The present Marchmont baronet was only a cousin of Mrs. Pierson's, and he first affected to be unconscious of their existence, and then, when they impressed it upon him, to be perfectly indifferent about it. Their connection with the Marchmont baronetcy would only serve them now to talk about. The Pierson family looked around them, and nothing was to be seen but desolation on every side, and then they turned their eyes on and looked at the town, and behold there was a break in the clouds.

About a mile from Clayton stood a pretty house—pretty despite its having a rustic porch on the west, and a verandah supported by some pillars on the south. It was surrounded by a sort of little park (they called it a 'car' in that county), well studded with trees, and of sufficient extent to prevent the two little lodges which stood at the extreme ends looking ridiculous. This house, and the six hundred acres which lay around it, was occupied by a gentleman of the name of Hunsdon, who held the property from the greatest nobleman and landowner in the county, the Earl of Warcester.

Mr. Hunsdon was a tenant-farmer, but essentially a gentleman-farmer. Not only had he a larger and more costly stud than his titled landlord, not only was his dog-cart the best

built, his mail-phaeton the handsomest, and his dinners and hunt-breakfasts the best in that neighbourhood, and equal to any that could be given in any neighbourhood, but he was himself a well-educated, refined, handsome young man. Added to all this, he was very wealthy.

For three months after their return the Piersons steadily ignored Mr. Hunsdon and his politeness. Shortly after their advent he had called upon them; but the ladies of the family had merely bowed to him, and the rector had treated him with that elaborate civility one bestows upon people who have put themselves into the false position of coming when one does not want them. Mr. Hunsdon raged inwardly, and nearly broke the heart of his high-mettled horse, as he rode away that day, as he reflected on how he had been made to feel that they imagined him immeasurably their inferior. His rage was principally directed against Lucy; not that Miss Pierson had sat in the seat of the scornful above her fellows, but her beauty rendered *her* pride more intolerable to him than that of the others. He spoke very hardly of her to himself, and said to one or two of his friends that she 'was just the kind of woman he detested;' nevertheless he thought a great deal about the visit he had paid the Piersons in a weak moment, and chafed sorely under the nonchalance with which this type of 'the woman he detested' had treated him.

Now after the Piersons had taken that look around over their own 'order' which, as I said, showed them nothing but desolation, they held a council, and decided that it was their 'duty' to mix more with the townspeople and the immediate neighbourhood. They would still be king, queen, and princesses; but condescending ones. It was high time to do something; Lucy was thirty; the others were not standing still, fully aware as they were of their elder sister's superior claims. On the horizon of their own world there loomed no prospect of a son-in-law; it was high time to do something; and no sooner did they recognize this necessity than they did it. They called affably on everybody who had eligible acquaintances, and Mr. Pierson sent out invitations for a dinner-party, Mr. Hunsdon being one of the earliest asked.

'How he had mistaken that girl!' he said to himself, after that dinner at which Lucy had flirted at him so cleverly that he had thought her reserved, and had prided himself on the skill he must have evinced to draw her out. 'With such a mind, to say nothing of her manner, it was a small wonder that no man had been found worthy of her yet,' he thought. In her matchless presence the handsome young man, who was usually so thoroughly self-assured, felt humbled, diffident, nervous; but Lucy was very kind, nay, more, most encouraging. He was not a coxcomb, but he began to dream of this peerless scorner of foreign princes and others as his wife. He was dazzled, enchanted, very much in love. Lucy thought of what she had heard were his prospects (in a year or two he was to come into possession of an estate his father had just purchased); she thought of the many comforts and luxuries his wealth would enable her to enjoy, of the struggle life at the rectory was, of her own thirty years, and of the microscopic chances that were in favour of anything better offering. Hunsdon was gentlemanly, sufficiently clever, remarkably handsome, and his being very much younger than herself would be her excuse to the few grand acquaintances, who might trouble their heads about it, for her having been flattered into the match.

She told him she 'adored a country life, admired cows, and thought his place, Bexley Grange, the prettiest in the neighbourhood.' He doubted her as regarded a liking for the country life, totally disbelieved her about the cows, and knew very well that the Grange, though a pretty place enough, was far from being the prettiest in the neighbourhood. But he saw that she wanted to please him, and that was all he cared about. He was a thorough gentleman, and meant the love he looked; and of this Lucy felt so well assured that she began considering how many dresses

she would want to start with as Mrs. Hunsdon, and what their colour should be. And he looked into the refined and beautiful face of the lady, and thought how far superior she was to the mortals by whom he had been hitherto smiled upon, who had doubtless had a keen eye to what he possessed. And so for a few weeks all went on smilingly under the glorious summer sun, and Mr. Hunsdon strongly constrained himself *not* to be precipitate and so alarm the sensitive delicacy of the queen of his soul. Many times during these summer days the rich, happy young tenant at the Grange had the honour and felicity of entertaining the Rev. Thomas Pierson and a party of his hungry friends at sumptuous luncheons, at which the heart of the worthy rector was gladdened by the free flow of that wine of the south which he well loved; and the lovely Lucy was good enough to go and eat his peaches, and the lovely Lucy's mamma was good enough to accept as much cream and butter as he liked to send her, and to be gracious and merciful generally to the young man; and Mr. Hunsdon's favourite mare began to loathe her life now that so many hours of it were spent in the damp, fusty, cheerless stables of Clayton Rectory. And just as Mr. Hunsdon had completed sundry arrangements he deemed it incumbent upon him to make before proposing to this granddaughter of the Marchmonts, a little cloud arose.

I have said that the largest landowner in the county was the Earl of Warcester. His principal estate lay near to Clayton, and being a great agriculturist here, he had a model farm, with elegant pillars supporting his cow-sheds, and marble mangers, and glass milk-pans, and little paths leading from one building to another all done out into beautiful patterns with little pieces of red brick, white flag, and gray slate.

The gentleman who managed this model farm was the earl's lawyer and agent for all the estates he possessed in the county, and as this did not afford him full occupation, he took young men, who had nothing else to do and had not made up their minds what path in life they should eventually pursue, into his house as farming pupils. Two new ones arrived early in September. Clayton was only a mile or two from the model farm. They had nothing to do. One, the Hon. Mr. Newman, was the younger brother of an earl; the other, Mr. Lewis, was the only son of a rich commoner. They were very young (neither of them had seen two-and-twenty summers), very idle, and very much given to despising every one around them. It chanced that they met and got an introduction to the Piersons; they heard that the only man in the neighbourhood who was *not* desirous of cultivating their acquaintance (when they met at the markets they occasionally honoured with their presence) on other than equal terms, they heard that this man was in love with the beautiful Lucy, and immediately the lofty desire of cutting him out fired their noble minds. Miss Pierson was at once alive to the superior advantages they could (either of them) offer her. She was far kinder to them than she had ever been to Mr. Hunsdon, for it was a greater tax on toleration even to listen to them, and Mr. Hunsdon found himself dropped by the whole family, from the portly, bland rector, who had grown even more sleek at those frequent luncheons at the Grange, down to the scrubby little boy who had so often wounded the heart of the mare by leading her away to the bleak stable. In the course of one morning call at the rectory, Miss Lucy caused the waters of mortification to overflow his soul. She 'condescended' to him before the two boys whom she had made his rivals; she affected to endeavour to suit the conversation to his line of life for a few minutes, and then with a weary air she turned from him and *really* strove to talk fashionable jargon to the two youthful members of the aristocracy who were attempting to stare Mr. Hunsdon into a state of confused humility.

I have stated that Mr. Hunsdon was no coxcomb; more than this, he was no fool. In the short half-hour, the last he ever spent with her, he read her character (or want of it)

far more clearly than he had done in all those weeks of admiring intercourse. He saw through her now—an interested, heartless woman, with a keen eye to the main chance and the face and form of an angel. He read her thoroughly, and she saw that he did so, and feared she had gone a little too far in dissolving his illusion ere she had secured another. She knew as he took her hand for one moment in his, in cold farewell, that it was all over. She thought of the many times success had *nearly* crowned her hopes, but not quite; she thought of her thirty years, of life at Clayton, and she sighed as she turned to the richest and apparently the easiest to beguile of the two farming pupils, Mr. Lewis.

He was not an enlivening object to contemplate; a very tall, slightly round-shouldered young man, with cold gray eyes, a smooth pale face, and a close-cropped, bullet-shaped head. His face was not devoid of expression; a profound conviction was stamped there in insolently legible characters that he was immeasurably superior to everybody else, his friend Newman excepted. He was arrogant, conceited, half-educated; but such as he was Miss Pierson intended (dare I say so?) to stalk him. Mr. Newman was simply a heavy young man with a rubicund face. Miss Pierson wasted few thoughts on him, for he had nothing but what it pleased the earl, his brother, to allow him; whereas Mr. Lewis had nothing between himself and the actual possession of great wealth save a weak old father, who always allowed him to do as he liked, and whose estates were strictly entailed on this bullet-headed son.

Mr. Lewis was the more eligible of the two, and Mrs. Lewis Miss Pierson determined to be.

CHAPTER II.

It was astonishing, considering how haughtily she must have deported herself to the foreign princes and nobles, to witness how assiduous Miss Pierson was in her endeavours to please this remarkably plain English gentleman. She spared no pains, and she won, or nearly won, the day. Mr. Lewis lost his head, and forthwith imagined he had lost his heart; but being a youth of a lethargic temperament, he put off asking her to marry him 'because,' as he observed to his friend, 'he knew he could have her any day.' And in the meantime he contented himself with riding in to call on her three times a week; eating the top of his riding-whip at her for half an hour, and calling a little black toy terrier he had lately purchased for the purpose 'Lucy.' All this was well, but the whole Pierson family felt that it would be time and patience thrown away should matters rest here; so they waited anxiously for his next step, and in time he made it.

The one subject Mr. Lewis could enlarge upon was riding, and on this topic he had discoursed learnedly, at great length, and frequently to Miss Pierson, who knew nothing and cared less about it, but who had carefully concealed both her ignorance and indifference. Now, however, he made a proposal; not *the* one she wanted, but one that under the circumstances required almost as delicate treatment. He proposed that Miss Pierson should ride his mare Sunbeam. She got out of the difficulty at first by stating how impossible it would be for her to ride with him alone—she would not venture upon telling this admirer of female equestrianship that she disliked and dreaded the idea of mounting a horse; it would be time enough to make him fully understand that when he was her husband, and it would not matter whether he was pleased or not. But on this unlucky occasion Mr. Lewis showed himself prolific in resource. He could provide a very tame cob for her father, who could then accompany them. 'Newman would go with them,' he added, 'so her father wouldn't be in their way.' After this, what could Lucy do but improvise a habit and profess herself 'delighted?'

The day came, and with it the mare, the cob, and the two gentlemen on their strong, fast hunters. Miss Pierson stood on the doorstep with a smile in her eye and dire un-

certainty in her heart as to 'how she was to get up on that horse's back,' in the first place, and 'how she was to stay there,' in the second. She looked very beautiful, though, and so Mr. Lewis thought as he drew off his glove and stood ready to lift her up.

Lucy approached her steed praying that he would unintentionally let fall some hint which would guide her as to 'what she should do next;' but as she only felt and did not look embarrassed, Mr. Lewis remained in happy ignorance of her uncertainty. Through a stroke of special luck she gave him the foot she ought to have given, and the next moment she was safely in the saddle. 'Now,' she thought, triumphantly, 'as the horse is so quiet, he says, the worst is over.' Alas! her miseries had but begun.

A complicated mass of reins was put into her hands, and seeing she looked slightly bewildered, Mr. Newman kindly suggested, 'Ah! you've been used to a single rein, I suppose.' Lucy smiled at him and said, 'Yes.'

'You'll find she pulls a little,' explained the owner of the mare; 'but if you give her her head she will be all right.'

Lucy patted Sunbeam's neck, and said, 'Of course she would.'

Her three cavaliers were mounted by this time, and with a nod to the anxious group who were watching her from the drawing-room window, Lucy started on her perilous journey.

All seemed to be going on well. Sunbeam stepped along daintily in a quiet walk by the side of Mr. Lewis's horse. Lucy began to think riding 'very easy indeed.'

'Do you like trotting?' asked Lewis, as they turned off into the high-road beyond the turnpike gate.

'Ye—s,' replied Lucy.

'Come along,' he said, drawing his own reins tighter as he spoke. Instantly Lucy felt as if she was being cast headlong into the road, and then the mare threw her head up wildly.

'Slacken the curb,' roared Lewis. 'She'll be over with you!' and as he enforced his directions by seizing the reins himself, she came safely out of the first little difficulty (which had been occasioned by her having administered a series of jerks with both hands to the bridle) and found herself still in the saddle.

'Sunbeam pulls a little,' said her owner, with a reproachful cadence in his voice that rang on Miss Pierson's heart mournfully; 'but you needn't take her on the curb like *that*, Lucy; you must humour her. The more you pull at her the more she'll pull at you, and if you tease her too much, she'll get away. Draw your snaffle tighter when we start again, and only let her feel the curb when she gets too fast.'

These were excellent directions, no doubt, but a slight drawback to their answering perfectly existed in the fact of Lucy's not knowing which *was* the curb.

'When you once get into her way,' continued Mr. Lewis, 'you will say she's the finest trotter you ever mounted. Come along.'

Lucy grasped her reins convulsively; Sunbeam's head came up with an angry toss; through Lucy's mind darted the remembrance of what he had said about Sunbeam 'coming over with her,' and of the necessity there was for her not to 'bear upon something'—she wasn't clear what. She let the reins flap against the mare's slender neck, and the next moment her agonized parent, who was suffering much through the agency of the cob, saw his daughter fly off at a pace that afterwards entirely baffled his attempts at describing.

'She'll break her neck!' screamed the father to his companion, Mr. Newman.

'No, no; she won't do that,' replied that gentleman; 'but she may bark her knees. I fancy that's what Lewis is most afraid of.'

It will be seen that the gentlemen were alluding to different subjects.

The road was straight for some distance, and then it took a sharp turn. Mr. Lewis could not hope to save the lady, whom he perceived was hanging on somewhere about Sunbeam's neck, but he did fondly hope, by striking across some fields, to intercept his mare before she received any injury. The hope, moderate as it was, was not realized

At the turn of the road Miss Pierson came out of the saddle, and was deposited upon the turf lightly, gracefully, and unhurt; but, alas! when the master of the mare contrived, through some very reckless cross-country riding, to stop that precious animal, he found that the reins had got entangled with her feet and had caused her to fall and severely graze her knees. As he wiped the gravel off poor Sunbeam's wounds he resolved that a lady who had been so regardless of his dearest interests should never be his wife; and when he slowly and sulkily rejoined the party, leading his once matchless 'fast trotter,' Miss Pierson read in his countenance that 'it was all over in that quarter.'

'I tell you what, mamma,' she said, when she had returned home ignominiously on foot about an hour after she had started apparently so bravely, 'I'll tell you what, mamma—it's no use, I feel sure of that, wasting any more dinners on those dreadful boys. Lewis would scarcely speak to me all the way home; and though I told him my wrist was hurt I could not even gain sulky sympathy from him. Really,' continued the young lady, looking at her swollen hands, 'what I have to put up with tries me too much.'

'And so beautiful as you have been and still are,' replied her mother, sadly; 'and so well as you might have married, Lucy! *How* is it?'

'Because I've always tried, and have been urged by you to try, for "something better," mamma,' answered Miss Pierson, scornfully.

'Well, never mind, dear,' hurriedly interposed her mother. 'We will see about being civil to Mr. Hunsdon again.'

'I don't think that will be any use now,' said Miss Pierson. And she was quite right; they tried it, and it *was* of no use.

Heavily sped by the days, weeks, and months at Clayton Rectory. Those who only saw the bland, hearty rector in the 'parish,' where, being a benevolent man, he moved about like a great, genial, generous, florid spirit of relief, would have found it difficult to bring the picture before their mind's eye of what he endured under the shadow of his own roof-tree and on the sanctity of his own hearth. Poverty and privation and a constant endeavour to make the best of things and both ends meet had told on the health, temper, and spirits of his wife; when she was not actively irritating she was passively morose. She had borne a great deal uncomplainingly, to her credit, be it said, while there remained a prospect of 'something better' for her children; but the vision of this 'something better' had been waxing fainter and more faint of late years, and the more eagerly they had tried to grasp it the more had it eluded them; and thinking sadly of what would be their future, full of great love and fear for them, she rendered their present almost unendurable by a constant system of nervous 'nagging.'

Lucy, the bright, beautiful daughter, of whom her father had been justly so proud, was falling into the sere. She, too, had been subject to trials which had told on her health, spirits, temper, and at last on her beauty. She had nothing to look forward to but a life of monotony at Clayton, and she began to be arid to the younger sisters, who, never having enjoyed such sunshine as had fallen to her lot, bloomed better under the present bleak aspect of affairs. She felt, too, that she had been ridiculous in that matter of the ride undertaken at peril of life and limb under Mr. Lewis's auspices, and being angry with herself did not increase her amiability to the rest of her family. This being the state of the case, Mr. Pierson, as was natural, hailed the arrival of a brother rector, who was just now appointed to the living of Alderly, the next parish to Clayton, with joy deep and unfeigned. For the new rector, Mr. Farquharson, was a widower, childless, well off, and, report said, not at all unwilling to enter into the bonds of matrimony a second time. Mr. Farquharson was one of those little roundabout men with fat, smiling faces that you meet every day; he was hopelessly

mediocre. Mr. Pierson muttered in confidence to his wife that 'he was a prig.' However, neither Time nor Lucy would stand still. It was a terrible fall, to be sure, and the parents' hearts ached as they gave their consent, thinking 'of what might have been;' but it seemed as if such a sacrifice was to be consummated, for when the plump widower proposed to the beauty she accepted him, and the marriage was arranged to come off shortly.

In this kind of stories the lovely heroine nearly always offends the tenacious dignity of her orthodox lover at a ball: this unfortunately was the case with Lucy. The officers who were garrisoned in the cathedral town of the county gave a ball. At this ball appeared for the first time since his coming to the title a young baronet, Sir Digby Tilden. Lucy's charms wrought powerfully on one of the softest hearts (and heads) ever youthful baronet owned. The still exquisitely beautiful woman, flushed with



her triumph, which was very apparent, flouted her reverend lover. He was meek and long-suffering, and came to her the next day, offering, if she would fulfil her pledge and give him her hand, to say no more about 'that conduct of hers last night, which had' (to say the least of it) 'been so very painful to him.' She tried to be honourable, true, faithful, and womanly for once, but she thought of some sentences of *more* than admiration which had escaped Sir Digby's lips; she thought of his request that he might be allowed to call; she thought of his Hall and rent-roll, his title and position; and she could not be other than true to herself and false to Mr. Farquharson. She broke the

chain that bound her to the clergyman and waited impatiently for the appearance of the baronet.

He came once, and only once. A younger, though not a lovelier star had attracted him now, and the idle words he had uttered, which had caused Lucy to quit her hold of the straw she had clung to, were idle words indeed. He married her youthful rival about the same time that Lucy's third sister took pity upon Mr. Farquharson, to whom Lucy was about again to offer her perjured hand—as delicately as she could.

She stayed at home until two of her plain young sisters had gained husbands to love and care for them, homes to care for and grace, until her waning beauty was the constant theme of regret and commiseration amongst all about her. And then she hid her faded loveliness and her baffled hopes and blighted aspirations under the plain, sombre garb of a 'Sister of Mercy,' and left for ever the pitying tongue of scandal at Clayton to wag at its own sweet will about Lucy Pierson, the rector's beautiful daughter.

A. H. T.

SUMMER EVENINGS LONG AGO.

I SAT behind my window-sill,
In the hot and dusty town,
The sun behind the sultry walls
Was slowly sinking down.
The breeze across my mignonette
Came breathing sweet and low,
To wake sad sleeping memories
Of evenings long ago!

I thought that I had driven back
Such memories as these,
But now they all return again
On a whispering summer breeze.
Fond words come ringing through my brain,
That fill my heart with woe—
Oh, God! what brought them back to-night,
Evenings of long ago?

I see the green lanes where we strayed,
Thy dear hand clasping mine;
The same blest breeze that fans my cheek
Sweeps softly over thine;
And words of love pour from thy lips,
Not measured, cold, and slow
As those I now hear. Oh! I pine
For the evenings long ago!

I thought I had forgotten thee;
Had schooled my aching heart
To pass through life as best I may,
And act my weary part.
Alas! the mocking vision's o'er.
Too soon, alas! I know
'Twas but my loneliness that dreamed
Of evenings long ago!

F. E.



[See p. 233.

"PATERFAMILIAS" READING "THE TIMES."

PATERFAMILIAS READING THE 'TIMES.'

master of 'Paterfamilias,' ... to know how he got on ... the 'Times' was invented; ... we begin to think about ... ill as a man without his ... we shudder for his family. ... those many grievances by ... he is always surrounded; ... by tradespeople, robbed by ... poisoned by surface wells ... by his doctor afterwards; ... about in travelling, and not ... to hope for a moderate ... 's bill;—how those poor ... offspring, how that gen- ... partner must have suffered; ... having no such admirable ... valve as our great 'organ' ... he must have abused the ... gance of the one and the bad ... of the other! In those days ... poor wives must have found ... revived in the shirt-button! ... it is almost impossible to ... our friend Paterfamilias ... a 'Times' to write to when ... not reading it. How did he ... on at all? What did he do? ... he a mind till the 'Times' said ... one fresh with the rolls every ... ing? For you will observe that ... has not so much faith in the ... as trust in what the 'Times' ... to say about it. In his ... society altogether has a ten- ... to go wrong; and he also be- ... that the 'Times,' and through ... 'Times' he, Paterfamilias, has ... power of setting it right; but ... altogether right; for of course ... is pre-eminently Paterfamilias ... a grievance; it is only by help ... grievance that he exists at all. ... his noble ambition to find fault ... everything, as it is his great ... to suggest an impracticable ... remedy. He is always crusty, and ... short-tempered, and peevish, as he ... been hitherto represented; but ... one thing he is not always—he is ... not always stout.

It is a mistake to be always speak- ... of Paterfamilias as one who is ... fat and five feet four. His weight is ... as various as his height. Now we ... have him represented here under a ... variety of forms; and first and fore- ... most you will see that the specimen ... in the foreground is tall and thin. ... He has weak hair that will not keep ... in its place, however pertinaciously ... it may be brushed. Even his eye- ... brows fall over his eyes, to which ... light-gray watery optics his unduly ... starched shirt-collar ambitiously ... tends, as if by way of compensation: ... he is the sort of man who seems to ... have kept his mouth close shut all ... his life through fear of giving his ... tongue one chance of uttering his ... mind. But he is highly respectable; ... and although the height of the ... bridge of his nose has given him the ... idea that his proper place is on the ... floor of the House of Commons, and ... has embarrassed him with political ... mare's nests, still it has gained him ... a reputation for capacities which he ... does not really possess. In fact, his ... nose may be said to have made his ... fortune. He ... the poli- ... tical Paterfamilias. ... to ... the collection of the ... 'It ... is iniquitous,' he says. ... to ... the position of Ameer. 'It is in- ... famous,' he says. He has a word of ... warning even for the Emperor of the ... French. He has written several ... letters about Mr. Seward, and is ... prepared to put an end to all acci- ... dents in the mining districts by a ... scheme of his own which he calls ... the natural plan, but which nobody ... affects to understand. The world is ... to be set straight by Act of Parlia- ... ment to begin with, and although ... he is the only man to do it, he will ... not become a legislator; he professes ... a great contempt for the office of ... M.P., but adores the institution of a ... Parliament.

Now his neighbour, a real old ... stout Paterfamilias, heavy, pompous, ... obstinate; proprietor of the real ... original crisp hair, dull eyes, double ... chin, and portentous eye-glass, adores ... nothing either ... gross or in detail. ... He glories in being 'out-spoken.' ... He likes the task of telling people ... his mind, especially if he can hurt ... their feelings a bit. He is master of ... his own house; a tyrant to his chil- ... dren, a slave-driver to his servants, ... and, by necessary reaction, a slave



"PATERFAMILIAS" READING "THE TIMES."

[See p. 270

PATERFAMILIAS READING THE 'TIMES.'

IN this matter of 'Paterfamilias,' we want to know how he got on before the 'Times' was invented; and when we begin to think about him at all as a man without his 'Times,' we shudder for his family. For with those many grievances by which he is always surrounded; harassed by tradespeople, robbed by innkeepers, poisoned by surface wells first and by his doctor afterwards; bumped about in travelling, and not even daring to hope for a moderate undertaker's bill;—how those poor unoffending offspring, how that gentle partner must have suffered; how, having no such admirable safety-valve as our great 'organ' presents, he must have abused the extravagance of the one and the bad cookery of the other! In those days how the poor wives must have found the rack revived in the shirt-button!

Indeed it is almost impossible to imagine our friend Paterfamilias without a 'Times' to write to when he is not reading it. How did he get on at all? What did he do? Had he a mind till the 'Times' sold him one fresh with the rolls every morning? For you will observe that he has not so much faith in the world as trust in what the 'Times' happens to say about it. In his opinion society altogether has a tendency to go wrong; and he also believes that the 'Times,' and through the 'Times' he, Paterfamilias, has the power of setting it right; but never altogether right; for of course he is pre-eminently Paterfamilias with a grievance; it is only by help of a grievance that he exists at all. It is his noble ambition to find fault with everything, as it is his great pride to suggest an impracticable remedy. He is always crusty and short-tempered, and peevish, as he has been hitherto represented; but one thing he is not always—he is not always stout.

It is a mistake to be always speaking of Paterfamilias as one who is fat and five feet four. His weight is as various as his height. Now we have him represented here under a variety of forms; and first and foremost you will see that the specimen in the foreground is tall and thin. He has weak hair that will not keep in its place, however pertinaciously it may be brushed. Even his eyebrows fall over his eyes, to which light-gray watery optics his unduly starched shirt-collar ambitiously tends, as if by way of compensation: he is the sort of man who seems to have kept his mouth close shut all his life through fear of giving his tongue one chance of uttering his mind. But he is highly respectable; and although the height of the bridge of his nose has given him the idea that his proper place is on the floor of the House of Commons, and has embarrassed him with political mare's nests, still it has gained him a reputation for capacities which he does not really possess. In fact, his nose may be said to have made his fortune. He, of course, is the political Paterfamilias. He objects to the collection of the income-tax: 'it is iniquitous,' he says. He objects to the position of Austria: 'it is infamous,' he says. He has a word of warning even for the Emperor of the French. He has written several letters about Mr. Seward; and is prepared to put an end to all accidents in the mining districts by a scheme of his own which he calls the natural plan, but which nobody affects to understand. The world is to be set straight by Act of Parliament to begin with, and although he is the only man to do it, he will not become a legislator; he professes a great contempt for the office of M.P., but adores the institution of a Parliament.

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to the 'Times' and to his wife. He, as it were, goes on his knees to the 'Times,' and rubs his forehead in the dirt. Once, when his letter on 'The influence of French wines upon the progress of the English nation,' was denied insertion, he is said to have shed tears of disappointment. While waiting for an opportunity to attack the coming International Exhibition, he has devoted his attention to the underground railway, and is of opinion that it is a diabolical conspiracy for the destruction of all the house property at the north of London. He has also expressed his opinion, in a letter which unfortunately has not yet been published, that 'a certain erratic young gentleman,' as he calls him with a somewhat unnecessary reticence, should have been locked up in a lunatic asylum long ago.

The gentleman with the bullet head, who looks over our political friend's shoulder, is the irascible Paterfamilias. He is always in a passion with some person who will not believe as he believes. You can see by the way in which he purses up his mouth and cuts his whiskers, by the smallness of his eyes and the stumpiness of his nose, that when he once gets a notion into his head it never comes out again, but abides there until another eats it up. His present hobby is volunteering. It took him some time to get a proper view of it, as he was engaged, when the movement first raised its head, in promoting the colonization of the African coast; but he objects to emigration now—he wants all the men he can get to swell the diminishing ranks of the volunteers; and he rather wishes we were at war with America, because then there would be something like an opportunity for calling them to arms.

His next friend is of another opinion. Give him peace. The arts, sir, the arts! What is to become of the refinement of life, of its poetry, in the midst of savage warfare with vulgar Americans, who spit? He is preparing a pamphlet on the chromatic fallacies of the Tower of Babel, which we are afraid is rather too recondite.

Too much so, indeed, for the gentleman behind, who is rather milk and watery, who likes things to be made very smooth for him; who believes in the adverse influence of railway travelling on the general health; and who is always somehow to be met with at May meetings.

But he has a friend by his side in a white cravat, whose quarrel at present is with his doctor. His medical man sends him a mixture, price three and six; he can buy the materials wholesale for seven farthings; so he complains that his doctor should pocket three and fourpence farthing, for merely having learned to keep his (Paterfamilias's) carcase from the grave. However, he finds equally just cause of complaint against M.D. when his account is found to contain merely items for attendance.

The short-sighted gentleman with the sharp nose has settled matters with his doctor long ago. He is a City man, and is engaged upon the task of attempting to prove the possibility of forging Bank of England notes, which he believes is somehow connected with the adroit feat of hiding a copperplate in a lump of gutta-percha. Behind him stands a gentleman whose intellects are rather coagulated, and who consequently has one or two fixed ideas, round which he revolves with a monotonous regularity. The point to which he is devoting the whole of his little mind at present is the alarming spread of Blondinism and Leotardiana. He is convinced that the future welfare of the great English nation depends upon the immediate expulsion or imprisonment of these two insidious foreigners.

These are but a few specimens of Paterfamilias, for he is legion—he is a great institution; he is sometimes a pioneer among the social puddles that have to be swept; and he creates puddles of reading with the droppings from his brain. 'It pleases him, and doesn't hurt us;' we can step over his little messes if we do not like to splash through them. Some day there will arise a Paterfamilias who shall address the 'Times' indignantly upon the nuisance that he is himself to ordinary readers. In his hands we will leave the matter.

THE END OF THE SEASON.



NO longer the 'Row' has its ocean of riders,
All cantering lightly beneath the green trees:
No longer the rail is leant on by outsiders,
Whose elegant whiskers wave wide on the breeze.
No longer the doors of the Great Exhibition
Are thronged by the noblesse who've paid guineas three
To lounge in the transepts in languid condition,
And be utterly puzzled at all that they see.

No longer at banquet, or fête, conversations
Quite polyglot buzz in one's ear on all sides,
From the critical children of all cooking nations,
Each of whom loves the dinners he always derides.
No longer the stately Academy's treasures
Draw crinolined beauties in shoals, who won't feel
How fatal their looks are to him who but measures
The brightness of limned eyes by those that are real.

No longer Belgravia echoes the shouting
Of linkmen—the roll of the carriage—the voice
Of heated policemen, who're charging and routing
The gazers plebeian—no longer the choice,

And exquisite *deux temps* of Weber or Verdi
Comes floating in melody on the night air,
Entrancing each passer, so that he declared he
For commoner music could never more care.

No longer the 'Guides' fill the grounds Horticultural
With melody ringing—no longer the walls
Have posters of meetings, and shows Agricultural,
Et id genus omne, whose number appals.
No longer at Greenwich *fêtes champêtres* delight us—
No longer the Fancy Bazaars seek our aid,
Where 'Aunt Sallies' and 'Knock-'em-downs' ever excite us,
With quite a small fortune at last to be paid.

'Tis the end of the season, and every one's rushing
Away to the heather, the hills, or the sea;
The *beau sexe* to crochet and croquet—read gushing
And rose-water novels—wear round hats—while we
Don tweed, knickerbockers, and shoulder the Manton,
Through heathland or turnips range all the glad day;
Or seek Baden-Baden, or Chalet, or Canton—
And venture, *proh pudor!* at roulette to play.

W. R.

CRICKETANA.

Part II.

One of the most experienced and the first amateur of his day, himself a bowler, thinks that freshness is so far essential to a bowler, that he ought not to get many runs, even if he can. Lillywhite, he says, certainly used to act on this principle: he usually went in last, and generally seemed indifferent to his innings. As to Clarke, when others were practising batting, before the bell rang he used to walk round the ground, and make his observations after this manner:—

'There, that gentleman plays fast-footed; I shall soon sum up him. There is another, as good as ready money to me.'

'And after going his rounds,' said Mr. Felix, 'I would ask how many they were good for, and I used to be surprised at the way he would calculate the score of any side, even of twenty-two, before a ball was bowled.'

Independently of greater freshness there is another advantage that an Eleven of gentlemen have over an Eleven of players; the one side is playing freely and carelessly for its pleasure, the other is playing fearfully and nervously for a livelihood. 'Yes, it is very fair to laugh, gentlemen, one among another,' said a professional, 'when a gentleman comes out without a run; but with us it is no laughing matter, for on a man's average depends his bread, and a few unlucky innings, especially before his name is well up, puts him out of the stream at once.'

We remember once when the United Eleven played at Bath, an umpire, now a distinguished player, made a mistake, and it was voted to change him; whereupon one of the Eleven whispered to our friend John Marshall, 'Please to let it pass, sir; you would be sorry *to ruin him*: he is a promising colt; and you don't know how bad it will be for him.' John Marshall was not the man to turn a deaf ear to such a hint as this.

While so much depends on success with a professional, no wonder that a peculiar kind of caution characterizes the player's game. When

Matthew Kempson had done his full share of the bowling the last time that the Gentlemen beat the Players, he remarked to us that he had not half the fear of being punished for an overpitched ball as when bowling at Cambridge. We have heard others say the same of their experience in bowling against an All England Eleven. And perhaps it is this utter fearlessness, as well as knowing the exact time of their own grounds, and being in practice to the latest moment, that accounts for the fact that the best bowlers of the day have been more cut about at Oxford and at Cambridge than by any of the older players they have encountered during all the rest of the season. This degree of caution on the part of professionals makes rather a winning than an interesting game.

As to the winning game, the players might learn a little from amateurs, and amateurs might also learn a little from players. A first-rate game would be a combination of the two. The players might display, as we say at billiards, a little more 'invention,' and the amateurs a little less, and not try a bigger game than they can bring to perfection. The billiard player who copies Kentfield's game does not always consider that he should have a little of Kentfield's execution, and be in something like Kentfield's state of practice. The same applies to cricket. Amateurs are too commonly doing 'everything by starts, and nothing long;' they form conflicting habits; they are always in a transition state, and have too many hits running in their heads to be trusted to play a steady and consistent innings in any match you require them to play. Another drawback is that they are apt to play rather to 'the ring' and the spectators than to the score. They try an ambitious game, far beyond their own powers to carry out.

On the other hand, the player has generally only the common hits, but he is perfect in them. The game he plays as a youth he plays as a man, and this is usually a limited game—not too much to think of; and such is the game for all grounds and all weather. We say, not too much to think of: and no little depends on this. The muscles fitfully obey the will, and quiver in unison with the mind. 'The wish is father to the *action*.' The man yearning for a cut or a leg hit can rarely help trying it at the wrong ball. Let a man make one or two brilliant hits, and be cheered all round the ground, and we always expect he will try the same again, however unsuitable the ball. Daft plays a most effective game, but at the same time it is a very limited one; provided he can keep up his stumps he never seems to think runs important; indeed, he lets the runs come of themselves, and, since he can hit prettily when he likes it, come they do in course of time. For this reason—the pleasure of the spectator as well as the improvement of cricket—we think it a mistake to allow professionals so extensively to take the place of amateurs in the great matches that are made. There are always some gentlemen who should never be left out, even of an All England match. No one can look on at any match, however unequal, between the Players and the Gentlemen of England without seeing that there is an element in the play of the Gentlemen which might, with much advantage, be introduced into the other side. We mean, the spirit and activity with which they play, the sharp running between the wickets, and a little extra dash in the fielding as well as variety and 'invention' with the bat. Add to this, gentlemen play better when mixed with players. To walk up to the wicket and play an everyday game with full confidence, when all the professionals of England are ranged against him, is no little trial to the nerve of a young player. And this accounts for no small part of the inequality between the Gentlemen and the Players. *Possunt quia posse videntur*—'For they can conquer who believe they can'—is marvellously true in cricket. Let the idea that he cannot play Wilsher's or Jackson's bowling take possession of some young Cantab's mind as he is going in, and he is already in a fair way of coming out. And if that idea is not

quite influential enough to complete the rout of his wits and paralysis of half his powers, let him catch a glimpse of that sly and sharp fellow, Tom Lockyer, behind him, watching cat-like every movement, and up to not a few artful dodges, especially against two-and-twenty, 'when,' says Lockyer, 'we can't afford to be particular,' to abbreviate his innings.

Some of Lockyer's dodges are amusing. Sometimes back-handed he will, in picking up the ball a yard or two from the bat, send it suddenly into the wicket for the chance of the man's being off his ground. Sometimes he holds the ball as wicket-keeper, silently and stealthily till the player—good easy man—lifts his leg to ease his attitude, thinking for that ball all is right and over, when a rattle at his stumps tells him of his fond illusions. 'Once down in Hampshire,' said he, 'a gentleman, after playing at the ball, needs must lift his leg to scratch himself, and I had him in a minute.' But the most cruel thing of all was this:—'That bit of dirt, sir, might turn the ball next time.' 'Yes,' said the flat, 'I'll pick it up.' This was all that Lockyer wanted: the man was stumped in a second. Of course the sympathies of the umpire are rather on the side of the Eleven than on that of the Twenty-two, otherwise some of these dodges would hardly pass.

At all events, so sharp a practitioner is found rather cramping and discouraging to many a man who feels quite at his ease on Cowley Marsh or 'Parker's Piece.'

On this point, what we must complain of is, that because the Players annually beat the Gentlemen—the best eleven of the one against (not the best by any means but), the best that the M. C. C. can command of the other—it appears to be concluded that Gentlemen do not exhibit the best of cricket. On the contrary, with about three exceptions out of the Players' Eleven, any judge of cricket would rather see the Gentlemen bat. In making the runs they are usually far better worth seeing; and as to fielding, the Players, however steady and trustworthy, are almost invariably too old for first-rate fielding. The Players, though decidedly superior on the whole, are not as superior to the Gentlemen in real cricket as the score would represent. Nerve and the habit of playing in public, being used to Lord's (a very peculiar kind of ground), and being one and all in practice and condition—all this has very much to do with their success. That they are superior on the whole, chosen as the sides have been of late years, there is no doubt. All we mean is, that the real superiority is less than one day's score would represent.

As to the choice of the Gentlemen's Eleven, we have no doubt the M. C. C. select as well as they can; but the best Eleven Gentlemen no one man or committee of men could easily command; whereas the best Eleven of the Players, or an Eleven as good as any, it is far easier to bring together. Of course the bowling constitutes the chief strength of every side, and therefore the years when Messrs. Mynn, Fellowes, and Matt. Kempson were respectively at their best, were also among the few years when the Gentlemen were triumphant. 'Add to this,' says Mr. C. Taylor, 'the Gentlemen's Eleven at the present day is formed of men too little acquainted with each other's play. One match we won decidedly by the great advantage of a quick perception of each other's tactics. Pilch and Martingall were in together, and little chance of parting them. A ball to me as wicket-keeper was let pass to Pickering at long slip; he kicked and appeared to miss it. I knew what he was about and stood prepared for a quick return—the ruse succeeded. Martingall attempted the run and his wicket was down in an instant. This decided the match; few more runs were made; and though we had a long score against us, still we made them all, and the victory was ours.'

But as regards the life and prospects of a professional, a place in one of the two All England Elevens is, of course, the stepping-stone to distinction with all professionals, and these places are few indeed; and the election of one is the ex-

clusion of another. Certainly there appears to be no want of good fellowship among professionals, though with them—as with actors, prima donnas, and, we fear we must add, with barristers on circuit, and, in short, wherever the places and the prizes can be but few, however many or meritorious the competitors—rivalry and jealousy are often rife indeed. We heard from one who could speak feelingly of a player's life, that Redgate's love of the flowing cup was rather encouraged than checked by those who coveted his fame and fortune as a bowler. Nor was that the only instance our friend could quote of similar attempts to trip up a formidable rival, and to cut short a victorious career.

However, regarded as a class, cricketers by profession are a remarkably respectable set of men. We once endeavoured to find one single instance in which any professional of note had fallen under the heavier penalties of the law. One Kent man, we heard, had been transported for a deed done in a fit of passion, and this was the sole exception to qualify the general rule of professional propriety.

'A short life, and a merry one,' is all the professional can hope, as regards his cricketing existence—younger and more brilliant men tread upon his heels. Popular applause is proverbially capricious, and the smoking, drinking, and good living during the summer, contrasted with greens and bacon—and not too much of the latter—all through the winter; all this is unfavourable to the preservation of high cricketing condition. Parr is the only man remaining of the original All England Eleven. James Dean had a long reign: in spite of obesity, a good man to the last. Grundy claims a benefit this year, and deserves a good one; for, after twenty years' service, he would be one of the first chosen out of all England, especially when the play is first rate, and the bowling is likely to make runs scarce. But these are rare exceptions at the present day; for now five-and-thirty is old for an All England man: whereas Pilch and Lillywhite, and their friends, were deemed quite young at five-and-forty—there being, in those days, a smaller community of cricketing from which rivals could appear with equal skill and greater activity to dispute the palm with those once high in favour.

We may add, that, in those days, the celebrated players had more of a monopoly. Men might hold their place secure of the name they once had earned, though past their best.

'Nothing,' said Lillywhite, 'will any young player do without the patronage of the gentlemen of the Marylebone Club;' and they were always honourably reluctant to desert an old friend tried in many a hard-fought field: but there is free trade in cricket as in other things. Now, undoubtedly, the competition is far more rife and active. The Oval rears cricketers as well as Lord's: and each manager of the two All England Elevens knows that if he passes over any instance of provincial talent, the other will pick him up and play him off against them.

Having no little knowledge of the player's life we have also much sympathy with their fortunes. We are, therefore, sorry to observe, though we can fully appreciate the difficulty, that so few cricketers have any trade or calling on which to fall back when the eye is no longer keen as of old, and the right hand has forgot its cunning. Caffyn will cut hair and shave all the winter, and play cricket in the summer; and Wisden and John Lillywhite fall back upon their repositories for cricket stores; but, with a few exceptions, the old cricketer, like the old stage-coachman, can do nobody's work when once thrown out of his own.

We have a lively recollection of hearing a hard-working, striving woman, not far from Brighton, say, 'Had I my time to come over again I would never marry a cricketer.'

'But think of the honour, Mrs. B.!'

'I can't live upon the honour, sir; and, now B. has done with play, his past life makes him above bottling spirits and drawing beer. He has been used to live so well, to be flattered and made much of: for

a cricketer's life *does* always make a working man so lazy and so luxurious.'

Certainly the life of a successful professional is enough to spoil a man if anything will. Feasting and flattery, and a sudden elevation to a degree of intimacy with those above them—an intimacy unknown save amidst the warm enthusiasm and the genial fellowship of the sporting world—this, bear witness the rooms of Oxford and of Cambridge, bear witness Etonians, Harrovians, ay, and many a town in England that has cheered the All England Eleven as they drove through their streets, to say nothing of the ever-memorable ovation from colony to colony granted to the Australian Eleven—this is enough to turn the heads of vain and fickle man.

And then, how sad, after all this prosperity, to see, as we have seen, the same men in poverty and wretchedness. Yes, we have a painful recollection of poor Thomas Beagley—one of the finest batsmen of Lord Frederick's day, and the very model for a longstop—sitting neglected and alone under the lime trees at Lord's, while the ground was resounding with just such cheers for others, in his day yet unborn, which once had been raised for him. At length a benefit was attempted, in acknowledgment of his former services; but the weather rendered it of little worth to him, and time after time we saw him looking more threadbare and more pitiful, till at last a notice in 'Bell' told us what Thomas Beagley had been and what, alas! he *was*.

'Do you see that old man sitting there?' we said to one of the first of the amateurs—'that man is Thomas Beagley.'

'Beagley?—who is Beagley?'

'There was a day when men would as soon have asked, Who is Parr? or, Who is Pilch?'

Let it not be supposed that the players, when past their best, are more forgotten than the superannuated in other walks of life. Benefits are of frequent occurrence; noblemen and men of fortune have found places on their estates for more than one we could mention. Old Beldham died last winter near Farnham, aged ninety-six. Not long before, the old man was invited to Lord's, and received with all honours in the pavilion: he was also advertised as expected at the Oval, to increase the attraction of a match between the old players and the young.

It is nothing to remark that such men are improvident—all classes are notoriously, and we had almost said necessarily, improvident whose lot is that of too much to-day and nothing to-morrow. Few of the professionals have a shilling left when winter has drained their store, and the spring has come again with new engagements to the public schools or county clubs. Yes, and some of the same Australian Eleven, who, happily, landed with money awaiting them in the bank, would, but for that happy trip, have been borrowing as many pounds to start with on some club engagement for the season as they then had hundreds to their credit awaiting them in the bank.

These are the ups and downs in the life of a professional that should make us one and all regard them with interest, and with kindly sympathy, while we flock to the annual match between the two Elevens of England for the benefit of the cricketers' fund.

Clarke was a clever fellow to originate the All England Eleven. The term was, about 1849, first thought of to make an interesting match at Lord's; though in 1805 there was a match between 'the twelve best' against 'the twenty-three next best'—a match curious, from two particular circumstances: 1st, that Lord Frederick Beauclerc was the only amateur included among 'the best;' and 2ndly, because one Barton, classed as 'next best,' carried out his bat for a score of 87.

After the said match about 1849, Clarke, to the surprise of all, was announced as about to head the same team to annihilate eleven of Northumberland.

'Shame, shame, Clarke!' cried Mr. D., 'they are not worth beating!'

But then the truth came out—double numbers, sixteen, or fourteen, as the case might be, was running

in the inventive mind of Clarke—'It is a going to be, sir, from one end of the land to the other, you may depend upon that; and what is more, it will make good for cricket—it will make good for you as well as me: mark my words, you'll sell cart-loads of your balls where you used to sell dozens.'

This was very like the speech of a man who makes a move in his generation; and such was Clarke's confident reply. And whatever the truth may be of balls, that man must want the eyes of observation who has not traced the spread of cricket, even in that stock of willow wood, all cut and dried for bats in prospect, which year by year is growing, out of all resemblance to the small supply we once remember there, on the south-east corner of Lord's.

Talking of cricket stores, the amount of business done is really something worthy of the trade of this manufacturing generation. The toy trade has long been considerable. A certain member once said in Parliament, he had seen whole stacks of dolls' legs, and other large stacks of arms to correspond, with drawers full of eyes to make the same little ladies duly interesting; so, why should not cricket stores be considerable too?—certainly the trade is now world-wide. 'The Cricket Field,' we are proud to say, has circulated in all four quarters of the globe. The trade sympathizes with the fortunes of the human race. 'The Indian mutiny,' said Lillywhite, 'is hundreds out of my pocket. The Crimean war was not half as bad.' Indeed, the trade with the colonies is now large. Wisden, as also John Lillywhite, divide the home trade with him; but the name of Frederick Lillywhite is fast being known in foreign parts for bats and balls worth playing with; and good cricket implements, every officer knows, are rare indeed so far from England. No wonder: the agent claims his percentage from the colonist; he also claims another drawback for his custom to the manufacturer; till at last the fifty per cent. which is squeezed from the price by the buyer is made up in the low quality by the seller. However, this system kills itself; and Lillywhite wisely tries to make his brand worth money, and thus to attract special orders for his goods, and his alone.

The said Frederick Lillywhite has the credit of invention as well as Clarke. His printing tent, with cards correct up to the last wicket, of which he sells sometimes above twenty pounds' worth in a single match, is quite the go-ahead character of the present day; while his 'Cricket Register' is so far identified with the interests of the school and university clubs, that we may well-nigh account the whole machinery as part of that. 'British institution,' which 'Tom Brown' accounts the game of cricket now to be.

One word, lest we should seem to depreciate the social status of the All England Elevens. The so-called professionals do not all play for profit: there are always some who choose that opportunity of securing a little more cricket than their private resources could afford. The names of Mynn, Felix, H. H. Stephenson, Daft, and Anderson will readily occur to all who know the history of the game. The All England Elevens, like the Brighton and Southampton coaches, will ever prove an attraction so long as men are inventive in combining the pleasures of life with the means of living.

WHICH IS THE FAIREST FLOWER?

THE tent is filled with flowers from roof to floor,
Creepers its very pillars are enwreathing,
And, through the shrubs about the open door,
A soft low breeze is breathing.

It toys with tendril—blossom—and green leaf;
It lifts long curls, and flutters floating dresses
Of dainty damsels Zephyr—the wing'd thief—
Woos with his sly caresses.

And oh! so rare—so beautiful are they,
The Blossoms—and the Beauties in this bower:
Vainly of either would the heart essay
To choose the fairest flower!

Here sheds the waxen Hoia its perfume—
Here burn the fiery petals of the Cactus:
All distant climates lavish here their bloom,
Whose sweetness may attract us.

From Alpine mountains—Western forest-haunts—
From where the cloudless Tropic sun is glowing—
Adventurous hands have culled the beauteous plants,
That are around us blowing.

Who could decide each lovely flow'ret's claim,
Where all as rich and varied as a dream is?
Or who of these sweet faces here could name
Which beauty the supreme is?

Rich raven braids, arched brows, and lashes long,
And drooping eyelids, exquisitely tender,
Veiling from sight of the admiring throng
The dark eye's lustrous splendour:

And golden-rippled hair, whose wavy wealth
Lends richer glory to the sunshine's blazon,
Blue eyes, red lips, and ripe cheeks, bloomed of health,
That painters love to gaze on!

Who can decide between Brunette and Blonde—
The Blue eye's languor, or the Brown's fine flashes?—
Of either sort of beauty *I* am fond,
With *my* taste neither clashes!

The bees, that hover round these blossoms rare,
Have all, you see, their separate floral fancies:
And so each damsel is adjudged most fair
In some admirer's glances!

* * * * *

The pretty dandies lounge and criticise,
And sleek their silken whiskers here for hours,
Passing their comments on hair, lips, and eyes,—
Poor moths among the flowers!

They think the Flower-Show on the whole a bore:
Of the Dundreary Family they're scions,—
Or, to complete my flowery metaphor,
I'll call them Dandy-lions!

I can assign *their* place without delay—
But, oh! 'tis far beyond the poet's power,
Where such sweet girls distract his heart, to say
Which *is* the fairest flower!

T. H.



[See p. 244.

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THE SUMMER TERM AT CAMBRIDGE.

TRINITY, I sing; and the term which first, as a rule, brings one's relatives and friends from distant parts to Cambridge and to Granta's shore: when much they are fêted, both in and out of college, by the unrelenting kindness of all around; and much, too, one suffers from entreaties to take the girls at least out to luncheon, in spite of their heavy fathers, and watchful, lofty mothers.

And our Muse shall declare herself plainly. No romantic writing shall be attempted, although the bees may hum very pleasantly, and the nightingales may sing very sweetly, about the noble limes and horse-chesnuts of Trinity Gardens. When at chapel—which, of course, is not to be confounded with the 'meetin'' of ordinary life—no mention shall be made of 'the organ's mellow tones resounding solemnly through the groined and vaulted arches of the richly fretted roof,' nor even of 'the silvery voices of the white-robed choristers.' And a faithful promise is hereby given that while enduring the pleasant necessity of looking at the racing boats, all such terms as 'flashing oars,' 'keen prows,' and 'glassy,' or 'rippling waves,' shall be carefully steered clear of. But we will gossip of the May term,—that season of lionizing, and living on the fat of the land and iced drinks, of fine weather, flirting, and fun,—precisely as it appears to any lighthearted person with a thankful appreciation of the good things of this world during an average specimen of a career at Cambridge.

Place aux dames, who flock everywhere, of all styles, from the daughters of not over-rich clergymen to the trim, smart Londoners. The former you can easily guess to be admirable, hard-working young ladies; although sometimes they *are* flat-footed, inclined to kick up their gowns behind, crooked as to the hair-parting, and arrayed in funny, home-made, country editions of bygone fashions. But what of that? Most likely they are of more use to their old father in his parish than your more dandified misses would be. They certainly do look as if they were wonderful at Sunday-schools, and in Scripture history able to tackle the Reverend Doctor Pinnock himself. The latter are bent on conquest, and have seemingly brought their most killing attire, from the last new bonnet of the period right away down to natty kid boots. And, 'Egad, Jack!' as Mr. Keeley used to say with a zest to Mr. Wigan, in the farce of *Tender Precautions*, 'Egad, old fellah! what well-regulated mind *can* resist kid boots?' Everybody 'has got his people up;' and it is charming to witness how good-humoured and delighted everybody's people seem to be. Nobody ever did, or ever will again, have such famous guests; for they 'come up smiling,' and are resolutely determined to be pleased with everything.

Look! Here is a Johnian lionizing his people. His gown—for all good men and true lionize in academicals, no mufti for them—is getting of quite a tea-green colour, a lot that seems to befal Johnian gowns above all others; and those four narrow strips of black velvet on the sleeves, known more popularly than politely as the 'crackling,' are assuming a bluish tinge. But then the unusual luxury of gloves—yes, a pair of gloves—sets him off elegantly. The girls make a wonderful deal of him, and compel him to render a strict account for every nod he gives or receives. 'Who's that?' 'And who's that?' they keep on whispering. The good lady mother, beaming with pride in her boy, takes his arm, observing, by the way, 'that notwithstanding the proverbial warmth of college friendships, she doesn't think the Cambridge young men seem very cordial towards one another, since they never, by any chance, shake hands.' And then her son explains to her that it is the fashion of the place to shake hands only on the

first and last occasions of meeting during term. As for the old governor, he is one of the most delighted of the party; and whenever you pass him the chances are that you will hear him say, 'Ah! well; I remember that in my time there always used to be,' &c., &c. Other strangers, too, who have no university friends, now roam about under the care of those crushed-looking guides who at other times perpetually rub their hands and touch their hats on King's Parade. All the show places are visited—King's and Jesus' chapels; John's, and its Bridge of Sighs; Trinity, and its library; Caius, and its five gates—and notably the Gate of Honour; the Fitzwilliam Museum; the Peterhouse stained windows; and the lovely gardens, bridges, and 'backs' of the colleges.

But what a breakfast they have been bidden to before starting on the hard work of sight-seeing! This was about the style of thing in our day, and after the fashion in which the worthy kitchen clerk used to suggest it. 'Soles a Lindian—done up with hot mixed pickles, you know; we send out a good deal of that. Kedg-eree. A dish of cutlets—Maintenon cutlets; they're very good. Fowl pulled and grilled. Curried sausages. Lobster grattin. As-pic o' larks. Some spiced beef; we can cut you off a nice piece, about two pounds;' and so on. New bread, tea-cakes, muffins, eggs, preserves, fruits, and such-like simpler stop-gaps are, of course, included. Ha! Ha! dyspeptic reader, with no digestion to speak of; you who, under favourable circumstances, can just manage a bit of dry toast and a modicum of bacon, what do you think of this light, well-chosen repast for the first thing on a nice, hot, sunshiny May morning? From eggs to apples! Fried fish and mixed pickles topped up with old audit ale, and cider, claret, or champagne cups by ten o'clock in the forenoon! Doesn't the very thought of it make you feel qualmy? We confess, looking calmly back on it, that only hot Christmas plum-pudding and stewed cheese seem necessary to make it sudden death at once. Generally, it is not the least novelty offered to the ladies, but they face it bravely, and honour the cups passing round the table—the elder and less satisfactory ones with simpers and protestations and looks, to show that they are aware 'it is not quite proper, it is so very—really;' the more satisfactory, with an evident gusto. Indeed reports have been circulated that some exceedingly 'jolly' girls have been detected at such moments in slightly elevating the nether eyelid, and smacking—ever so slightly, yet still smacking—their lips. But these are gross and palpable libels that can emanate only from coarse and vulgar minds.

Newmarket First Spring Meeting may be going on, and nearly everybody, at least once in his time, sees the famous 'Two Thousand' run, or, as the bookmaking section style it, the 'Two Thou:' for your racing man is disposed to shorten the Queen's English, if he does nothing else with it. With him the City and Suburban Handicap is *vaséed* down to the 'City and Sub;' while for the docked, clipped, trimmed, 'varmint-like screw' that conveys him to the Heath he pays two 'sovs,' or 'skivs.' And as, without permission, no undergraduate is allowed to be absent from Hall (*i. e.*, dinner in Hall) during this week, the said hacks have a bad time of it all the way home, so that men can rush to the Hall doors, and, for the moment, borrow a cap and gown to enable the quick-eyed, obliging markers officially to recognize them.

Every day, too, cricket matches are being played on Parker's Piece, or at Fenner's; though nobody but a lunatic would take ladies to the former—unless they were aunts 'from whom he has expectations'—for the balls are cut, driven, hit to leg, and shied up hard from all points of the compass at once: and on the latter, though the ground is scarcely surpassed, and the play very good, there is a little too much leisurely monotony for the non-cricketing sight-seers. The country matches on a village green, or in the squire's park, with the flags, the six balls an over, the rustics'

jokes, perhaps an occasional mishap, and the lunch in the tent, afford them much better fun. And so visitors do not much favour the cricketers, but take an extra interest in the boating, which they cannot see better done elsewhere.

Nor need they, necessarily, wait until the races, for there is first-rate rowing towards the close of the practice of the various crews, while the best ten or a dozen are in careful training. Any evening then, numbers of enthusiasts run, ride, or drive on the banks, and watch their favourites—Caius, who generally do so well in practice; the usually powerful Lady Margaret men; First Trinity, who ought never to be, and very rarely are, lower than second on the river; Third Trinity (Eton and Westminster), with their lively, dashing style; and 'dark' and dangerous Trinity Hall. A steady old Paterfamilias wishing to enter his son at the last-named college, so the story runs, inquired of the porter the way to the tutor's rooms.

'He's just gone out, sir, about five minutes, to give a look at the boats.'

'H'm; dear me! Could I speak, then, to the Dean?'

'Well; no, sir. You won't be likely to find him in about this time; he's always coachin' the first eight.'

'Indeed! I am very unfortunate. Is there any other gentleman of whom I could make some inquiries?'

'Well, if the assistant tutor was in you might speak to him, but I know he isn't; for our men weren't at all satisfied with their time over the course last night, so they've turned out Mr. Rullock, the weak man, and put the assistant tutor "2;" he's always in pretty good training, you know, sir.'

The anecdote is stale enough in Cambridge ears, but it is not an uncomplimentary one; since it is generally allowed that, 'Tell me a boat's place on the river, and I'll tell you the state of its college,' is not so foolish a saying as many might suppose: and assuredly no college takes more interest in the excellence of its boat, and its invariably high position, than does Trinity Hall.

On a race night the towing-path is lined with half the members of the university. Dons trudge away, two or three together, at that quick, short step so indicative of the reading man or the parson. The second division and scratch crews leave their boats above the railway bridge, and now light up the crowd with their gay uniforms. Odd and end sorts of men scuttle along, and appear (or used to appear) bound by some vow to wear a black and white straw hat with a purple-and-water ribbon. The meadows are chiefly filled with townsmen and their families. Charon, the Chesterton ferryman's boat is so laden, that it resembles an old master's work—all people and no ship. 'Step in the middle, gentle-men. Stand steady forrud there, gentlemen! Now then, shove her off! Thank'ye for a copper, gentle-men!' Two or three 'commodious pleasure barges' convey 'favourite bands of music,' and the lazy ones of the community. Tubs are pulled all over the stream by clumsy, roughish customers; who will, however, get out of the way and be civil, all in good time: 'it's the way they have with the 'varsity.'

All this while the competing crews—about a score—sweep down the river, in inverse order of their precedence, at their steadiest stroke, and 'easy all' just past the Plough. And when they row on again, ladies, should an oarsman unrivet his eyes from the broad, flat, swinging back of the man next but one before him literally, 'just to have a squint at you' on Grassy Corner, in order to gratify a very proper curiosity, and to nerve himself additionally for the hard work to come, you may depend upon it the coxswain will unfeelingly cry out, 'Eyes in the boat!'—yes, 'Eyes in the boat,' when he, the the coxswain—with spectacles on, if short-sighted—has been leisurely looking at you for the last thirty or forty yards!

The lower boats are already drawn up by their posts; their crews and flagbearers mingle with the crowd on the towing-path, and the trusty ones who give them the time compare watches with the starter's. A fat townsman points out to his jolly friend 'the Head of the River'—ah!

what boat is it, I wonder?—while gently turning opposite to its post; adding, 'there's the men for my money!' 'Men! you don't call them men!' cries the other: 'why, hang me if there's half a whisker among the nine of 'em! *They* head! Don't tell me.'

The first gun! Four minutes more. The crews get into their boats, and settle themselves; and by the second gun have their flannel jackets and hats off and under the thwarts. Coxswain grasps the post rope; steady shore hands push 'bow' and '7's' oars straight out from the bank. 'Half minute gone!' Somebody mutters in his incontrollable excitement, 'They ar'nt nearly far enough ahead.' 'Silence!' 'Steady, old fellow, it's all right!' 'Now, remember what I said about the Gut and Grassy,' says the captain, looking round with an assuring nod. 'Fifteen seconds more!' 'Row a stroke all!' and the boat glides ahead until the rope gently tautens, and '7' checks her way, if necessary. Hands get moist, and tongues get dry with excitement. None speak but the time-keepers. 'Five seconds! four!' (you hear half a dozen of them crying)—'check her, 7!'—three!—'Oars back!'—two! one! Gun!

And in three or four strokes full way is on the better boats. 'Well pulled all!' 'Now you're gaining!' 'Well steered, indeed, sir!' 'Lay out bow and 3!' 'Oh, well rowed, First!' 'Pick her up, John's!' &c., are roared, and shouted, and shrieked from the banks. Away streams the Head of the River through the unbroken water, accidents apart, secure of its proud position. The bumped crews draw to the side, the bumpers unfurl their big silken flags; and one of the brightest, gayest sights of the evening is the *mêlée* of boats just above the bridge—the Tattenham Corner of the way home.

What pleasure can there be in watching a number of human beings gobble down their food? There must be some attraction; else why do people delight to see the Christ's Hospital boys, the Foundlings, the Greenwich pensioners, or the Trinity undergraduates feed; or 'a hundred aged and deserving poor men and women partake of genuine old English fare'? And they always bear on their faces the same—if the vigour of the expression will be allowed—abominably patronizing smirk, as much as to say, 'Yes, good folks, here we are, looking at you—oh, go on eating, pray—and we are glad to notice that you appear to enjoy your "food," which we can see at this distance is of "excellent quality;" so mind you are very thankful to everybody who has so meritoriously had a share in preparing it, and be sure you say a hearty grace.' But as you are here, ladies and gentlemen, keep your eyes and ears open to receive unbiassed impressions of Trinity undergraduates' dinners, *i.e.* if they remain pretty much as they were three or four years ago. Don't fear the dons at the upper table; nor yet be blindly led away either by the time-honoured respectability of the place, or by any conventional 'good old English gentleman' ideas, because in front of you there is a 'fine old hall,' and behind you a 'buttery hatch.' You must allow that the former would be all the cleaner and purer for a little more soap and water and ventilation; and as for the latter, it has nothing whatever to do with the dinner in question, since its really good supplies are all extras. The fare, you observe, consists of unnecessarily large masses of roast and boiled meats, vegetables, and puddings; all, to use a mild term, of a second-rate description. Look at the waiters! It will be sufficient to say that the women are hardly the most satisfactory specimens of the *genus* bedmaker. The men—ah! of what kind are the men? As they whisk by, would you not guess them to be stable-helpers? From their voices, and the style in which their hair is trimmed, they would seem to be costermongers. From what was once the cut and colour of their clothes, they must surely be decayed mutes. Their glistening greasiness is unpleasantly suggestive of—the slaughter-house. Are there two shirts betwixt three of them? Look at the honest fellows' hands, and see how naturally their thumbs slip into

puddings, and into sloppy, smeary tumblers of the smallest swipes! A coarse and exaggerated description this, you might say, had you not the very scene now before your eyes, and so know that it is true. Know, further, that about two shillings and a penny are demanded for this dinner—whether eaten or not, it must be paid for—and know, too, that the gentlemen who can, or ought to be able to remedy such wretched management would, probably, draw tears to both your and their eyes, with a touching recital of the difficulties which attend its reform. As if it would be tolerated in a regiment, or an inn of court, or anywhere save under a corporation, and that—with all respect be it said—mainly a corporation of clergymen. Oh 'J. O.,' and editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, would that, in the zenith of your powers, you had only by some means resided at Trinity!

Well, well, 'tis Sunday night; therefore let us be off to chapel, and there try to get into a more peaceful state of mind. How the Fellows are besieged to 'kindly pass my people in'! And how the vigilant chapel-clerk has to arrest the stranger who would smuggle him or herself in amongst a squad of undergrads! The freshmen sit to the left hand, and the other years to the right; and different sets incline to special seats. The gayer ones favour the benches near the door. Steady, sensible coteries—muscular Christians—are, perhaps, found nearly halfway down. The seriously inclined and the High Churchmen love to nestle under the readers' desks. But who are they who cling to that right horn of the altar which is known as 'Iniquity'? Probably none more disreputable than late comers. Two or three feeble youths go early to secure the uncomfortable angular seats near the door, impelled, we believe, by an instinct analogous to that which causes a 'gent' to place himself in the extreme bows of a river steamer.

Naturally, strangers will declare the anthem to be 'deeply impressive'—it is a stock remark with those to whom cathedral service is a novelty; but to judge from a certain degree of listlessness and abstraction, the regular congregation does not find it so. All anthems are sung alike. First, the treble has a line to himself, and then by the time he has begun a second the alto starts on number one, only he sings the first four words six times over. Then, perhaps, the bass, quite on his own account, will commence spelling the longest or most vowelly word in the verse; and this he does pretty elaborately, with a good deal of trumpeting with the lips. The chorus will now cut in, and will skirmish about amongst the words, apparently, just as they like; beginning at the end, trying back a verse or two, returning *toujours* to their *premières amours*, and then meeting in the middle and back again. In fact, the choir have it all to themselves; so that the High Churchmen sigh for a quick, glib hymn (or, query ballad) in which they could join—one at 'forty strokes a minute over the whole course,' as an oarsman observes; or which may vividly suggest to the horsy *alumnus* who has an ear for music the enthralling idea of 'winning in a canter, hands down.'

One concluding reflection concerning Trin. Coll. Chapel on Sunday evenings: it is a pendant to the celebrated apple-dumpling one of George III. How does the chaplain, who walks the last of the dons, ever get out alive? Only at critical parts of his Pilgrim's Progress was Christian closely beset; but the heels of this amiable gentleman are dogged throughout his entire path; an eager crowd of Struggling Ones, clothed in white robes, ever keeps closing behind him. May the day soon be at hand when, for protection, the college shall present him with a pair of six-inch long rowelled spurs, such as, no doubt, 'the elder and swarthier of the two,' in Mr. James's books was always accustomed to wear when in full crusading costume!

And there are many other Cambridge pleasures during the brilliant May term. On a bright, hot evening, the lovely 'Backs' and their water sports; and the frequent and

honest determination to do nothing, and to do it thoroughly. The Procession of Boats after the races; the spicy crews that cheer opposite King's Lawn, and the spicy cup that cheers opposite Trinity Hall. The entertainment given—and, generally, given well, considering their difficulties—by the dramatic club, the A.D.C.; which club, by the way, forms a kind of court of the Gentiles, surrounding those more exclusive sanctuaries, the Parthenon, the Mutton Chop, and the Peagreen.

But there is yet one more excitement, though scarcely a joyous one for some freshmen who are now so blythe and gay; and as it is familiarly known as 'the May,' perhaps it is the quintessence of the term. It is the annual college examination. Of the 140 or 150 who passed the matriculation test in October, and of whom the least sanguine was well assured that he could not be lower than 'a third in the May,' a dozen or so will not appear in the eighth, nor even in the forlorn 'last class.' And when, after the long vacation, the quondam freshmen assemble as Junior Sophs, they will discover that such and, perhaps also, some others have migrated to a small college; or else that disappointed governors have decreed that *Alma Mater* shall know them no more.

A GARLAND.

OH! blue is the colour of love and of truth,
And green is the colour of hope and of youth;
And blue is the face of the glad spring-tide sky,
And green are the young larch that under it lie.
And such are the hues on life's Spring-tide I see
As I look through the gloaming and think, love, on thee.

Oh! silver's the hue, tells of laughing content,
And purple the depth of hearts changelessly bent—
And purple the hills neath the bright summer sun,
And silver the clear brooks that laugh as they run.
And such are the hues on life's Summer I see
As I look through the gloaming and think, love, on thee.

Oh! scarlet's the colour of kingliest birth,
And gold of the well-tried and noblest of earth;
And scarlet and gold are the woodlands to-day
Where autumn has clad them in kingly array.
And such are the hues on life's Autumn I see
As I look through the gloaming and think, love, on thee.

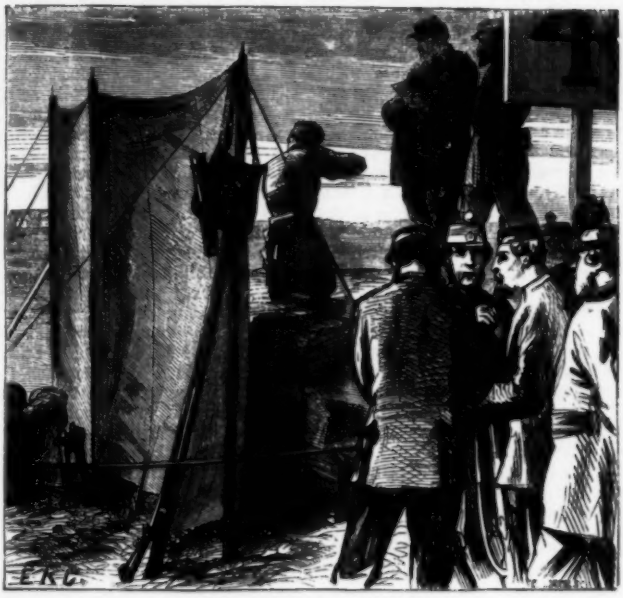
Oh! white is the colour of stillness and rest,
The pall of the sleeper, the robe of the blest;
And white is the world 'neath its covering of snow,
Cold and still, with the spring-life kept warmly below.
And such are the hues on life's Winter I see
As I look through the gloaming and think, love, on thee.

P. O.

DEFENCE, NOT DEFIANCE;

OR,

SOCIETY AT THE WIMBLEDON RIFLE MEETING.



SHOOTING FOR THE QUEEN'S PRIZE.

WIMBLEDON, 10·7 A.M. from Waterloo Bridge Station, says the yellow 'A. B. C.'

That is my train, and I am there just as the guard begins to move about with a white flag, and urges lingering people to their seats. Brothers' hands separate; the mother tears herself from her boy who is going to join his ship at Portsmouth; the sisters take their last clinging kiss; and the train is off. Brothers, sisters, and mothers looking after us, see the long-jointed train swerve round and dart into the tunnel; it grows small in the distance—a string of toy-waggons—it disappears.

I fall asleep, and wake to discover myself at Wimbledon. I jump out, and claim the new country as my own.

I feel like a stray gudgeon who suddenly finds himself in the midst of a public meeting of hungry pike. I am driven at by three close cabs, two Hansoms, and four seedy barouches. It is impossible for me to go in more than one at the same time, and how shall I hope to pacify the rest except by scrambling silver amongst them, and so producing a general collision and a fight, under cover of which I may escape?

'Shilling all the way,' cries one.

'Take you for nothing and give you a sandwich,' cries another.

'All the way, major,' cries a third, with a treacherous concealment of the charge.

'Now's your time, gents, for the Rifle "'sociation, all a blowing and a growing,"' cries the fourth.

Why cabmen should be generally ribald, treacherous, and insolent I do not know, but so it is; perhaps the wet weather made them keener and coarser, and more arid for gin and overcharges than usual on this occasion.

Up dashed the first Hansom driver, tucked his penny paper under the roof-window strap, swung on the nosebag behind, and dashed off with a volunteer who looked hungry for shooting.

I and a captain in the Bermondsey Rifles and a German tourist followed him in an open fly. The captain was a jolly, hearty man, in a green tunic, with broad black lace down the front, and a silver rifle and two silver stars just above his left cuff. He bore on his knees a round parcel of doubtful character.

'What do you think this is?' he said to me.

'I give it up,' I said; for it might have been a tea-tray, a stew-pan, a rat-trap, or a thousand things.

'It is a pigeon pie,' said he, and laughed uproariously, patting the pie affectionately as he laughed. 'Our men are in camp down here, and I've brought them a pie—a pigeon pie; my wife would make me bring it—" for," says she, " the poor creatures can't do much with their cooking, with no kitchen range" —and here it is!'

'Very kind of you,' said I.

'Not at all,' said Captain Porter, of the B. R. V. 'Do as you'd be done by. I was down there yesterday, and there were four of them cooking—a London banker, two men on the Stock Exchange, and a solicitor. One was frying, and in a moment, " pouf," in comes the dust into the pan. I couldn't touch it; but there they liked the fun of it, and are happy as birds in May.'

We are at this time whisking through Wimbledon. The chief inn is plastered as if it had bruised itself with huge placards of the Rifle Meeting and the prizes. A great red flag waves over the door. The parades outside the council tent are so preposterously early that many of the marksmen have to sleep here, and to spend the evening discussing 'wind gauges,' 'small bores,' 'Henrys,' and 'Whitworths.'

Just fresh from London, the little villas look to me so trim and neat, the lawns so green and velvety, the roses so rosy, the geraniums so vividly scarlet, the great chestnuts so free and vigorous in their growth, the country faces so red and healthy, and frank and pleasant; all the ladylike girls in the round hats adorned with black puff balls, look at us as we pass, and smile at each other, for they know we have come to the shooting.

Now we see the long ramparts of raw deal paling that encloses the shooting ground, outside which flymen are prowling. There is the entrance, that little door, and that wide counter yonder is where you pay your shilling for admittance.

It is 'dirty weather,' as sailors say—dull, monotonous, grey weather, with no brightness, except just low down in the lurid horizon, and there it is too bright. Now and then the grey rolls away and shows a patch of blue like a forget-me-not blossom, and anon, like a negro slave merchant half unveiling a beauty, mantles it up again suddenly and in a pet. It is cold too, though it is the dog days, and the sou'-west blows in fierce gusts that billow across the common, and make the nervous shot more nervous, and the bold shot nervous and angry. It is a provoking, capricious, bad-tempered day—and a well-abused day too.

There is an intensely dull, business-like air about the common on first entering, and there are not too many people. Under the sheltering cover of the Grand Stand are one or two great people's carriages, and one or two neat-booted grooms are standing at the horses' heads.

A little further on are two gong targets; one a huge white wall of iron, with a moving black square in the middle that sounds when it is struck; the other, still more ingenious, has a counterpoise behind, that, when the target is struck, bobs its head up and shows a red star, and this is marked 'sold'—the best criticism in four letters only that can be written on any saleable article; and beyond this is a neat little white extinguisher of a tent, with a venti-

lating cap in the roof that the hermit of an exhibitor within keeps clicking up and down with a string.

In the centre of this part of the common stands a clock built up with beams, that look like the scaffold of a light-house; and further on to the right is a little town of clean white tents, labelled 'Yorkshire,' 'Staffordshire,' 'Derbyshire,' and so on; some of them have red knobs on the top, and others wavy red daggers on the canvas; and their ropes and mooring pegs are as obstructive and in the way as mooring ropes and tent pegs always, I suppose, were, are, and will be; and some have valves for ventilating in the roof, and other ingenious contrivances to make houses, which, in this glorious dog-day weather, are mere wet blankets comfortable.

And presently I come to a tent labelled largely in red, 'Printers',' and I look in and see the sloping cases, and the nimble, dexterous fingers I have seen so often, and have such pleasant recollections of. And further on is the tent for the 'Press,' and much laughing oozes out of it; and then there is the 'Treasurer's' tent, and the 'Armourer's,' and the 'Henry' and 'Whitworth' tents, and the long marquee labelled 'Exhibition,' where the prizes shine and glitter, and the enormous tents for dining and general refreshments; and far away there are two or three tents marked 'Private,' where large parties are to dine when the gun fires.

And there, in that open place, is the gun—a little squat fellow kept down by great slabs of iron. Of course it would not be an English entertainment were there any clear method about the whole affair or any responsible officer appointed to tell you what there was to see or where it was to be seen.

So it is some time before I discover that perhaps it would be as well not to pass exactly in front of the targets, and I take the advice of a policeman, highly self-conscious of his new costume and sitting in a pic-nic fashion on the damp stunted heath, and steer off more to the left out of the reach of even the most discursive bullet.

At last I see a line of white targets with iron mantelet screens for the markers on the left side of them, and behind them low mounds of earth to catch the swift lead, and in due course, at five hundred yards from them, fenced off by ropes and protected by canvas screens of Lord Elcho's invention, looking very much like coarse fire-screens, and intended to keep off the wind from the rifle-barrels, I fall upon the group of riflemen who represent Scotland, and who are shooting against England, whose champions I can see in a dark swarm some distance further on.

We all know how national the Scotch are; how they bear the motto —'No one touches me with impunity;' how they stick 'shoulder too shoulder,' and in their love of clanship declare that 'blood is thicker than water.'

These are their eight men—
H. Ross of the 6th Kincardine,
Fergusson of the 1st Inverness,
Anderson of Blairgowrie,
Muir of Galloway,
Peterkin of Cambridge,
The Master of Lovat from Inverness,
And Ross, the first year's champion, from Cambridge;

and these eight Scotch worthies glory in plaid trousers and horseshoe caps and huge plaids broached on the shoulder, that blow out like sails; and some wear heather badges in their caps, and the leader has a St. Andrew's cross embroidered on his arm. The Scotch are shooting in squads of four, and not in turn as the English; and their system of marking is different. The English for once, cooler than their wily but excitable antagonists, mark the exact spot of every hit; but the Scotch mark only its general character, and so give less information to their marksmen.

These men are of various physical calibres, and of all degrees of height, age, and strength. There is old Mr. Ross, the father of the champion, in a homely dress, and looking tougher than any one there —his arm iron, his nerves of metal. Then there was his son, tall, pale, and haggard; and Moir, brown,

sunburnt, broad-chested, and vigorous as any Highland cateran of the olden time. The men are all keen-eyed, vigorous, smart, and earnest.

The attitudes chosen by the riflemen alone would furnish me with a day's amusement. The English, I afterwards found, prefer lying flat on the stomach; but the Scotch, more practical, adopt the deer-stalking or sitting position. They sit down on the grass, rest their elbows firmly on their knees, and so fire, being generally driven a little backwards by the shock of the discharge, the rifle-barrel at the same time jerking upwards. But this is the position in which Ross has won all his prizes, and there is no doubt that with practice it is the best of all. The fundamental error of it, however, is, that on wet days it must lay the foundation of chronic rheumatism for life. The Scotch too nearly all use the Henry rifle, while the English adhere to the Whitworth, with the wind-gauge or adjustable back-sight and the hexagonal bullet.

Nearly every man has his gillie to carry his ammunition and his horn-tipped ramrod. They load carefully, taking care not to crush the big-grained powder and so lessen its force. The white tube with the green band is thrust into the barrel, and the bullet being gently forced through it, the case is pulled off and thrown aside. The ground is strewn with white tubes, with green neck-cloths round them.

The Scotch are in low spirits. The Glengarry caps, the St. Andrew crosses, the plaids blowing from the shoulders, the chequed trousers, the cross-bars, &c., are dreadfully depressed, for England is above eighty points a-head. The long range at which Scotland was to 'pull up,' has led to no result: Ross, the champion, misses. The bulls'-eyes are few, and the northern mind is getting excited, irritated, and yet depressed. England is 'wiping their eye,' as sporting men say. The wind blows in furious gusts across the common: it blows the rifle barrels to and fro like reeds; it seems almost impossible to hit a target that from here looks no bigger than a soap-dish, much less a square bull's-eye that looks smaller than the black pip in the centre of an ace of clubs. The bullets must be aimed quite off to the left of the target, to allow for the wind carrying them far on to the right.

But now there is suddenly heard a bursting explosion, as if all the cartridges in the ammunition tent had suddenly blown up. It is the dinner gun: yonder I see the curling smoke rolling round the two artillerymen who have fired it.

And now England and Scotland, as by one and the same impulse, rise from their stomachs and from their turf seats, and hand their rifles to their 'gillies.' The soldier in the grey great-coat who has been waving the red flag of danger now stabs the staff in the ground and proclaims a truce. The cautious markers emerge from behind their iron walls and enjoy the short cessation of the week's rainy season of bullets.

The ladies rise from their chairs and are gallanted to the dining tents; the orderlies canter their horses to their own quarters; a national peace between all belligerents is proclaimed.

The diners divide into many bands. The ladies are drafted off into the private tents, where the effect of a ceaseless duel is kept up by the popping of champagne corks. I and the other vagrant males betake ourselves to an enormous bell tent, supported by a polished mast, and large enough to shelter the whole regiment of the Blues. Round the counters, every possible colour of rifleman is having pork-pies, frothing up stout, or clamouring for sandwiches. Grey coats with red collars, green coats with red collars, grey coats with black and silver lace, green coats with black braiding, are all smitten with the same vast and insatiable hunger. In a moment barrels are emptied, loaves severed, biscuits snapped, and sandwiches devoured. In the larger dining tent, the long tables are crowded with volunteer officers and hungry marksmen of all ages, classes, and degrees of title; nor do I see the least difference of appetite between England and Scotland, or between the man

who has made three bulls'-eyes running and the man who has missed twice in succession. No doubt the loser is suffering slightly from the heartburn, and would, if he dared, run his fork into the bull's-eye man; but he eats with very creditable energy, and outwardly seems no whit the worse.

And now, like a locust who has eaten his last green leaf, having finished my last sandwich, I stroll into the 'Exhibition tent,' where the prizes—the rifles, the cups, and salvers—are all arranged in glittering row on row.

Some French gentlemen, in the smallest and pertest hats, are looking at the prizes with gloating eyes. Perhaps they are swell-mobsmen, thought I, and will suddenly, knocking everybody down, dash off each with a huge gold cup, and make for the exit gate. I pictured myself, 'in a shorter space of time than it takes me to describe,' as they say in novels, leaping on the thieves, felling one, setting my foot on another, and seizing the third by the collar; or, still better, letting them get a neat distance off, then seizing a Turner, Grainger, and Henry breech-loading rifle, shooting one at 600, another at 900, and a third at a 1,000 yards, to their own horror and my extreme glory. This rapid tableau of my fancy ended by picturing myself presented to Lord Clyde on the Prize Presentation Day, from whose brave hand I received the Cross of India, a Crimean Clasp, and the Order of the Garter.

The shields and vases really make my mouth water, though the material of them is infinitely better than the art employed upon them. There are too many dumpy silver and electro-plated riflemen in toyman's attitudes — too little variety and originality in the design.

The prize watches, too, bloom like perennials in their guarded cases, and the revolvers tempt one to devote one's life to duelling.

But the rifles, especially the breech-loaders, are of the rarest construction and the highest finish. The great object now is to get a gun which can be loaded at the breech as rapidly as you can open and shut a pipe-case, and which, besides, shall carry its own cap (or means of ignition) in its cartridge.

Yet still much has to be done before the breech-loader equals the muzzle-loader. At present I fear it does not shoot so well, and it is ugly, and has other defects.

The hour for commencing firing has arrived, and this time I betake myself to the English butt. There it is, No. 17, labelled like a museum specimen, a low, dark mound of earth, backed by a long, waving range of distant wood, dark against a dull grey sky.

The target looks about as large as my card-case, or the bottom of a tea-cup; the black, square bull's-eye about as big as—but there, I made nearly the same comparison when I looked at the Scottish target, and after all there is no good in describing the effects of distance and perspective on objects, as every yard furnishes a fresh effect, and to every observer it probably presents a different appearance.

These are the candidates—
Lord Bury, Civil Service.
Capt. Heaton, 3rd Manchester.
Mr. Smith, Victoria Rifles.
Major Hilford, 1st Leicestershire.
Lord Ducie.
Ensign Halliday, Civil Service.
Private Beasley, 1st Warwickshire.
Serjeant Rowe, 1st Devonshire.

The leaders wear the straightforward St. George's cross, in scarlet, on their right arms by way of armlet. The yards of canvas that Lord Elcho has honoured with his name are duly up. Within the roped enclosure the ladies are seated in every variety of white and striped bornouse, varied with mackintosh. The beautiful and proud faces of the ladies glow with animation as the champions prepare, for the red flag at one end is withdrawn as the red flag at the other is waved; and the firing begins.

A little dapper man, in magenta stockings and knickerbockers, begins by prostrating himself flat on the raised turf platform. He gets his elbows firm, the barrel steady—he seems some minutes before he fires; he is really only some seconds—a thin gust of fire, a report, and off

goes the bullet. It seems some seconds before the 'ting' on the target tells us it has hit. The marker waves his red flag along the ground, and shows it is a miss—the bullet only struck after ricocheting.

Now a noble lord—a farmery looking man, with a loose shooting-coat carelessly belted round him, and with a bluff, country face—takes his turn on the turf seat, coolly, without fuss and without hurry. No losing the aim, like some of our alarmed Scotch friends; a steady pressing hand to the shoulder, a soft, firm, even pressure of the first joint of the forefinger. 'Whish!' the bullet is off on its errand, much quicker than arrow from a Tartar bow. Every eye turns to the marker's mantelet. Hurrah! a high red and white flag—cheers for England—it is a bull's-eye at 900 yards. No random shot, but the fair result of good eye, sound science, and steady practice. The rough lord rises with a ruddy smile, puts down his 'sight,' and quietly loads again—quickly, gently, and nattily.

The third man who fires is Lord Bury, with his pleasant, shrewd face, graver than usual now, for he is in earnest, as Scotland may still 'forge ahead' at the 1000 yards' range, and the wind is still violent by fits. He fires a good, careful shot, and out slips the dark-blue flag from the left hand side of the mantelet, low. It is a centre shot, low, to the left—and on the score mounts. Lord Bury comes for a moment to the ladies and explains the way things are going, and there is a murmur of pleasure through the row of beautiful faces at the prospect of England's success.

With the next shot from the rifle of that smart, clever, keen-eyed Captain Heaton—an excellent marksman nearly the best present—there is a delay of several minutes, and the markers make no sign.

The delay is so long that the English have to send an orderly down to know what is the matter. Off he dashes at a smart hand-gallop over the springy turf towards the target. You see him lessen and lessen as he gets nearer the dark earth mound of a butt.

Presently, in his mechanical military attitude, firm as a rock, with his little jaunty soldier's cap carefully slanted across his forehead, he dashes back and reports a ricochet. He reins in his horse a moment before the row of ladies, a sort of shy pride on his handsome young face. Then he receives his order to fall into the rear, and away he dashes.

And every time there is a similar ricochet, or the red flag or no flag is visible at the mantelets, up from the ground springs a stalwart foot soldier, clothed in a long grey great-coat, with a cape, and with legs planted wide apart to give him more support, he tosses up a red flag, to stop the shooting, and its crimson wave of bunting blows rippling in front of the friends of England.

And all this time the names of peers fly about in the air in a way that must do good to the hearts of those who have never before seen a live nobleman. 'Bury,' Elcho,' 'Ducie,' are bandied about every minute. Presently up comes General Hay, the umpire, to settle a complaint of the Scotch (who begin to get controversial as they feel themselves beaten), as to whether the English had a right to let their marker mark the special spot where the bullet struck. General Hay, after some discussion, settles that the English may do as they like, as the match was arranged on the Scotchmen's own terms, and no special kind of marking was specified.

The Scotch are by no means doing well. The champion, Ross, is getting few points, and Fergusson, 'the brilliant but uncertain shot,' as the sporting papers call him, who carried off the St. George's Vase, is shooting worse than any one present. 'Perhaps owing to the late hours and bad sleep obtainable in those romantic but wretched tents,' whispers an acute but irate Scotchman in my ear.

To-morrow the match will end, with a majority for England of 166; and that in spite of Lord Bury's shoulder growing tender from the incessant firing and his rifle getting leaded.

But the shooting in this match, as in that of the Public Schools, and the Lords and Commons, was mere child's play compared with that of Colquhoun, of the Dragoon Guards, who, with a Westley Richards, and at 500, 800, and 1,000 yards afterwards made 65 points; and that still more wonderful of Major Halford, who, in shooting for the Albert Prize (for the 40 best shots among the 'all comers'), 7 rounds at each range, at 800, 900, and 1,000 yards, was on the target 70 times out of 21 rounds—an unparalleled feat. No wonder the report of such a gun scared all the Swiss and French riflemen from the field, and made them pack up their traps and turn their faces homeward in despair.

In spite of the gale of wind, it needs scarce a look round to see that this meeting at Wimbledon is a success. There are 1,100 competitors, when last year there were only 720; the poor targets are being abundantly knocked about, and the shooting is truer and more even. The electric, semaphore, and Swiss targets are more numerous, and the organization, though still defective, is better, so at least a crack shot in the Victoria's assured me.

I soon get tired of the fitful firing



POOL FIRING.

at the pool targets, and betake myself to the great novelty of this year's meeting—'The Running Deer.' The Americans, who can hit a dollar three times running at short distances, are also very skilful shots at squirrels, wild turkeys, 'possums, coons, and deer. They have reproached us with not practising at moving objects, as in real warfare one cannot always expect one's enemy to stand still while you practise on his 'centre,' and while, of course, in sporting, a stationary shot is the exception rather than the rule. But these sneerers had forgot that Scotland boasts a race of untiring deer-stalkers, while England sends cohorts of young noblemen and students every year to thin the chamois of the Alps and the reindeer of Norway.

The Running Deer is a well-executed and painted model of a broad-antlered red deer, made of plate iron, and which glides on rails from one mantelet to another, at some hundred and fifty yards from the

high ground, where the riflemen stand. You pay two shillings a shot, and are fined one shilling if you spoil the venison by striking it in the haunch; but if you 'nail' the bull's-eye, which is a circle eight inches in diameter in the deadly region immediately behind the shoulder, you receive a portion of the receipts at the end of the day.

This is the most broken and prettiest part of the common where the Running Deer is placed. Dim and blue in the distance the woods rise on the waving line of the horizon; to the left spring a row of small white targets, that look like visiting-cards stuck in the ground, or the tall white tallies that gardeners use to indicate where they have hidden their seed.

'Rip, rap, ting, tang' go the bullets, and from the hollow below fumes up the blue smoke from the rifles: and here and there groups of ladies seem gazing like spectators of some eventful battle.

But here, straight in front of us, is the low, dark earth-mound that we have come to see, down in a hollow, with arching ferns and thorny tufts of furze growing gaily between us and it. The mantelets are high up on those redoubts at either side; and now and then at the back I can see the white shirt-sleeves of the markers, who are as busy as if they were working a battery.

We are too far to hear the sound of the iron animal as he rings down the rails and mounts the opposite incline; it is therefore somewhat startling the first time to see the deer emerge from behind the mantelet, with apparently the mechanical and measured gliding motion of a clockwork figure, steal under the shadow of the earth-bank, like the spectral deer that the wild hunter of Fontainebleau has spent so many centuries of midnights pursuing, and slide up the opposite bank into his safe shelter. It seems slow, but it is a flash of slow lightning, and the marksman has no time to reflect, and very little time to aim.

'The drummer must be a person of considerable nerve; if he hesitates for a single moment he is lost,' I once heard a pedantic drum-major say; certainly an undecided, wavering man might shoot a ton of lead away before he hit the Running Deer. You must make up your mind what to do before the deer puts out his nose, and the moment the markers launch him off you must do it. The true time to fire, the best shots tell me, is just at the moment the deer disappears behind the mantelet; he is then going slowly, for he mounts the hill slower, as we might naturally expect, than he goes down it.

There are many of the first-rate Scottish riflemen here who know the live animal, and men who have already carried off the Henry prize, and they strike the creature nearly every time, but not often in the bull's-eye. Next year this running target will work smoother; this year the markers have been once slightly wounded by splashes from the bullets, and have often exposed themselves too much in their eagerness to launch the deer with due force.

And now as the firing slackens, and men drop off for early trains and late dinners, the talk at the Running Deer firing-stand turns on the fine shooting of the week—on brave Mr. Pixley, who, by a last bull's-eye, when no other shot would have been sufficient, swooped off his 250*l.*; of a Mr. Lacey, of the 12th Foot, who made ten bull's-eyes running at 500 yards; and of General Hay, who with five random weapons, made, in twenty-three successive shots at 800 yards, 54 points—mere hits not being enumerated.

The group discussing the question is a characteristic one: the chief speaker is an officer of the line in his blue tunic and dull red sash. He is sitting under the fluttering shadow of the red danger-flag, with one knee up, and his hands clasped across it: his auditors are grey-coated or green-coated rifle volunteers of various ranks, some rubbing the powder-bloom and the black, smeary moisture from their rifle-locks; others loading or adjusting their sighting.

The gay ensign is lamenting the utter want of sporting feeling in the



[See p. 210.

THE EXPENSIVE BEAUTIES.

(A SCENE FROM LE SAGE.)

Light Marines: 'If you'll believe me,' says he to a sympathising volunteer tired of shooting, 'if you'll believe me, sir, it is sometimes difficult to get up a game of whist at our mess; they don't dog-fight, they don't rat, they don't drive, they don't cricket, they don't do anything—a lot of old fellows, you see, past work; nothing fast, sir, nothing rattling in them; ugh!' and here the ensign groaned in the bitterness of his heart.

But even to rifle-shooting and the thoughtful conversation of ensigns there must be an end, so I take a last look, with the rough wind in my teeth, at the long earth-mounds, the target-like visiting-cards, the rheumatic bell-tents, and hurry off to the station.

In a minute or two the bell rings, the train slides up with its many wheels, and I am borne off by the snorting, fiery monster, far out of range of the Rifle Volunteers.

ARTISTS' NOTES FROM CHOICE PICTURES.

THERE are stories for books and stories for pictures. Stories that are charming in the hands of a capable *raconteur* may, in fact, be anything but charming when told on canvas in perennial colours, though by the most capable painter.

Of this we have an illustration before us. We have all enjoyed the story as told by Le Sage—rather as told by that most light-hearted of demons, Asmodeus, and repeated in ariest manner by the author of 'Le Diable Boiteux'—of the misadventures of that foolish Patricio, citizen of Madrid,' who, 'leaving his beautiful and modest young wife at home,' wandered one fine summer morning to the Plaza to look at the preparations for the bull-fights which were to take place that day.

As yet, silly fellow, he is only gazing wistfully at the galleries and the company already beginning to assemble, and thinking how he would like to take part in the festival, did the state of his finances permit. But then step down from one of the scaffolds a couple of lively, well-dressed young damsels, one of whom in descending shows by accident 'a neatly-turned ankle, with a pink silk stocking and silver garter,' and instantly 'his heart is all in a flame.' Evidently the ladies are at a loss, and our citizen of course proffers his services. They are becomingly coy, but at length confess that they left home so early to secure good places that they did not stay for breakfast, and now they are seeking for a house where young ladies without their brother may with propriety take a light morning meal. Perhaps he could direct them to such a house? Poor Patricio is in a strait: only too happy to conduct them. He finds a neat suburban hostel. How lucky he has 'the residue of a purse entertainment money with yesterday.' And whilst the fair ones are whilst his back is turned in a linen pocket which one has under her petticoat; not only a brace of young partridges and two cold chickens, with a proportionate quantity of wine, but find they further need three more guests and a good slice of Estramadura ham, with a dessert of fruits proper to the season, our foolish citizen applies himself with contemplating the beauty of his Lucinas. He is a little dismayed at the bill, which amounts to fifty reals, for he has but thirty reals in his pocket, and to make up the difference he can think of no other means than that of pledging his rosary, furnished with silver coins. But he soon rallies, duly deposits his beads in the hands of the landlord, and, being graciously permitted to escort his charmer, obtains on credit from an acquaintance of his some excellent seats for the show; borrows from another friend a doubloon, that he may obtain sweetmeats, and other afternoon delicacies; and, when the fes-



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tival is over, like a gallant cavalier sees the ladies to the door of their house, being not permitted to enter, because the brother is a choleric young gentleman, and might take offence, till a signal is given from the window; and then, in fine, sits on a stone hard by, cooling his heels, hour after hour, till the bells chime midnight, and he finds that the doorway of the house is merely the doorway of an alley which leads to another street, and that, in short, he has been imposed upon. And so he has nothing for it but to sneak home to his dear Mrs. P., who has a somewhat sharp tongue, and who is administering a Candleian discourse as Asmodeus so conveniently raises the roof of the chamber for Don Cleofas's delectation.

Now nothing can be more amusing than the story as Le Sage relates it; but though Mr. Egg has seized the only conceivable moment fairly presentable upon canvas (unless it be that of the poor dupe cooling his heels outside the house he takes to be Luisita's), and has done his part as well, perhaps, as any living painter could have done it, his very success only makes us feel the more that the subject is not one—with all its associations—for a drawing-room picture.

But having made his selection, the painter has treated the subject in his daintiest manner. The picture has the quiet, but cheerful sunny colour you look for in a picture of this sort. The lover is deliberatively soft—so won over by the pretty face and pink silk stocking, that he is only momentarily taken aback at the unexpected total at the bottom of the bill. Mine host is a genuine Spanish landlord of the established type. And the young ladies are—if the truth must be told—almost pretty and modest-looking enough to have deceived a wiser man than Don Patricio, the suspicious display of the pink stocking notwithstanding.

And this consideration reconciles us to *our* artist, with whom—though perhaps we ought not to say so—we were hardly disposed to agree as to the selection he made on this occasion from his note-book. 'Certainly,' we were inclined to expostulate, 'you have given us a couple of very pretty faces, and they are taken from what is undoubtedly a choice little picture in its way. But are they "la crême de la crême" even of Mr. Egg's fair faces? Have you forgotten that most likeable lady, Bianca, in his version of the "Taming of the Shrew?" Or if, as a set-off to the worthier countenances you have given us before, you wished for a frail beauty from one of Mr. Egg's canvases, why not choose "Pretty Nelly," whom old Pepys, for all his wife's grim looks and his own pious resolutions, found it impossible to keep from kissing?'

But we perceive now that the mistake lies with us—and with the painter. He has chosen a *maladroit* theme, and he has not made his fair ones correspond to their true character. Look well at these pretty brunettes, and say whether they could possibly have swallowed that inordinate quantity of partridges and pigeons and Estremadura ham, with bread, wine, and fruits, all at one sitting, and then have been ready for ices, and dried fruits, and chocolate, and lemonade, almost directly afterwards? Or that Jacintha—the damsel on the left, with that quaint head-ornament—could possibly have stuffed away a brace of partridges and a couple of pigeons in a linen pocket she kept under her petticoat for the purpose of pilfer? Or that *this* Luisita could have been capable of showing a pink silk stocking and silver garter in order to lead a foolish Madrid citizen such a dance?

ODDITIES AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

AFTER all the great achievements at the World's Fair have been duly chronicled; after a Season-ticket holder, for instance, has formed a judgment during his numerous visits concerning those products whereon the welfare and comfort of nations mainly depend, and has (in duty bound) abused the Commissioners for their shortcomings—there will still be left a bundle of oddities, odds and ends, curiosities, queer things, 'notions,' worthy of a little attention. Let us open the bundle.

Among matters of food and beverage, it is droll to think of those German sausages in the Zollverein, which stand, like the celebrated four-and-twenty fiddlers, 'all of a row,' each in a tin case, and each case soldered up. We can neither see nor taste; and the sausage may be anything but sausage, for aught we know. Nevertheless, we are bound to suppose that the Jury on Class III. tasted the contents of one or more of the cases; and possibly Honourable Mention, if not a higher testimonial, rewards the skill of the sausage-maker. The casks of salted mess-beef from Australia, too; the unfavoured can know little about the meat; but it is tantalizing to be told that such beef can be sold at *twopence* per lb., and yet not be able to taste it. Seriously, however, this is a very important item for whalers and shippers in the Southern Ocean. The odd-looking, dark, leathery strips of dried beef from Monte Video, and the lighter coloured, but equally leathery strips of hung beef, are anything but tempting to our eyes: they constitute, however, a nutritious and highly important kind of food among many South American nations. Cases of preserved meat, fish, vegetable, and fruit are plentiful enough; but in reference to them we are in the same predicament as to the German sausages. In the far-famed and well-abused food trophy, however, there is some preserved fresh meat which can be seen through a glass vessel; very eatable it looks; and it is well worth knowing that such a mode of preserving meat, by exclusion of air, is practicable. Ship biscuits and fancy biscuits being regarded as nothing 'odd,' we must yet just mention the patent rye-bran cakes from Denmark; an English verdict concerning them would certainly be that they are rough-and-tough; nevertheless the 'hardy Norsemen' have fed on such cakes from the days of the sea-kings. Maccaroni-eaters, of whom there are few in England, have hitherto had but little conception of the numerous fanciful forms into which fine wheaten paste is made by the Neapolitans; a little ferreting in the Italian department would illustrate this matter curiously. We must say a good word for the Prussian grid-irons—tinned, clean, cheap, and handy—with gutters and a well to preserve the gravy from our chop or steak. And we would say a good word also for the exhibitor who leaves open a store of snuff *pro bono publico;* but we cannot praise the Frenchman whom we once saw filling his box therefrom, instead of being content with a pinch. Thousands of English persons have never, until 1862, seen ice made in a hot room on a hot day. M. Siebe, M. Carré, and other exhibitors not only show the ice, but make it before our eyes; and beautiful blocks and cylinders they certainly are which are produced in this way. If, instead of icing our beverages, we wish simply to filter the water which is the basis of all of them, there are Lorenz's singular hollow balls of charcoal, which, plunged into a pail of unfiltered water, will fish it out as a pure, pellucid stream—ay! at the rate of twenty gallons per hour with a three shilling charcoal ball, as Herr Lorenz asserts. A worthy Frenchman, M. Penant, must certainly have music in his soul. He has invented a musical coffee-pot. You put your coffee into one half of a vessel, and cold water into another; you light a spirit-lamp; and in the act of adjusting the apparatus you

set a musical box going. When the coffee is done, it pours itself out into the proper half of the vessel, puts out its own fire, and stops its own music! A bachelor who has his morning coffee made in such a way should go to business with his heart rejoicing. Concerning wine, there are the same tantalizing conditions as those that govern the German sausages; we cannot pass judgment on the quality, for a very sufficient reason. Spain makes the matter still worse, for she surrounds a bottle of unattainable wine with half a dozen wine-glasses, thus 'adding insult to injury.' Allsopp's cask of ale, too, may be good—or the cask may be empty, for aught that can be seen.

In personal adornments and knick-knacks there are not wanting oddities enough at the Exhibition. Witness that fair lady's scalp. Society is not supposed to know whether ladies are ever bald-headed; but the hair may unquestionably become thinner, and also lightened in colour; and then there is a temptation to adopt an artificial covering. A worthy perruquier, wishing to show that he can make ladies' scalps of any desired degree of thinness, has contrived a clockwork apparatus for slowly moving up and down the scalp on an artificial head. Strange, certainly, and suggesting the idea of an uncomfortable American Indian practice. Another perruquier shows a specimen of woman's hair six feet two inches in length, said to have once been naturally belonging to an English lady, and to be the longest specimen known. The lady, it is certain, must have devoted much time to the feminine duty of 'doing' her hair. From hair to brushes is an easy transition, and affords us an opportunity to admire the worthy Russian with the unpronounceable name, who has produced a temple of brushes, which the Royal Commissioners (in accordance with their taste elsewhere) should have converted into a 'Trophy.' As to the personal adornments in the form of jewellery, we will take note here only of those wonderful artificial pearls which, whether they are 'odd' or not, are certainly instructive enough as examples of manipulation. There they are in the French Court, two rows of real pearls worth 1,100*l.*, and two of mock pearls worth 4*l.*: so much alike that none but judges can detect the difference. It is worth a ten minutes' stay near that glass case to listen to the criticisms of the lady visitors on this important matter; and a neighbouring case is worthy of notice on account of the way in which the materials for making artificial pearls are shown—the lumps of glass, the glass blown into beads, the beads misshapen in the manner of pearls, and the pearly liquid made from the scales of the bleak fish.

In clothing and its materials there are oddities in good store, for those who have time and patience for searching them out. For instance, there is the waterproof suit in the Austrian department, overcoat, overalls, and cap—all for nine shillings: thoroughly eclipsing all the advertising tailors in England. There are Dr. Roth's stockings, made like gloves, with the toes separated. There is the same physician's contrivance by which, as he asserts, ladies could dispense altogether with stays, and substitute a philosophical bodice. There is the Swiss 'jupon-à-ressort: s'aggrandissant à volonté;' in which there appears to be a cunning device for lessening the amplitude of ladies' skirts at pleasure—an achievement deserving no end of Prize Medals. There are the processes of sewing, hemming, stitching, and so forth, performed by the aid of dozens of sewing-machines—pretty enough when worked by feminine hands, but not pleasing when presided over by bearded and moustached men, who ought to have something better to do than dandling little bits of collars, frills, and edgings. There are the showy but misconceived ribbons, in which portraits of emperors and empresses, queens and princes, are woven at the cost of infinite time and trouble; and the Coventry ribbon, in which the legend of Lady Godiva is woven in actual letters, demonstrating what the Jacquard loom can achieve, but inducing a wish that the same amount of ingenuity had been better

applied. There is the Dunfermline table-cover, with woven portraits of all the Crimean heroes—heroes who have certainly no reason to be flattered at the physiognomies here given to them. There is that patient lady's counterpane, with the rich crochet device formed of three million stitches, consuming five miles of cotton thread, and which has required twelve hours' labour per day for three months. There is the crochet chess-board, very clever, probably, but likely soon to become dirty if applied to actual use. There are the woven fabrics produced by electricity—if M. Bonelli can be induced to set his wonderfully ingenious electric Jacquard apparatus in motion. There is the poor invalid Empress of Austria's girdle or sash, in the Ionian department, so few inches in length that one marvels how any human frame could be maintained with the waist so pinched in, and inducing one to speculate whether the health of the illustrious lady has been ruined thereby. There is that sensible stocking in the Zollverein, with the foot sticking up, showing how the whole is produced by weaving, without any seaming up the calf; and there are those circular hosiery frames, actually at work in the Western Annexe, with the singularly ingenious mechanism for weaving not only seamless stockings, but seamless petticoats. There are the pretty palmetto hats and bonnets from Bermuda, so pleasing in tint, and so light and graceful in the texture of the material. There are the Panama hats in the Spanish Colonial department—hats which seldom come over to England, so great is the demand for them, on account of their cool, shady qualities, in the regions of Central America. There are the curious cork hats from France—not mere cork foundations, as in some of our 'zephyr' hats, but *bonâ fide* cork throughout, band, rosette, and all, including hats of that funny shape which has so excited the wonderment of London boys during the recent visits of Frenchmen to England. There are the boots which a French exhibitor puts together by means of brass screws or pins, through the aid of a very ingenious machine—clever and curious; for in one instant the brass is in the form of wire, and in another it is a screw firmly holding together the leathers of the boot. If it be a good thing that linens and cambrics, muslins and laces, be neat, smooth, and glossy, then surely the Frenchman's 'fer Janus,' or double-faced smoothing-iron, is worthy of immortality. The inventor grows quite sentimental in describing its qualities. He says that he has been 'inspired' with the idea of this 'nouveau system' of smoothing-irons 'by a knowledge of the embarrassments which ladies so continually experience while travelling, when they wish to obtain a hot iron to give a light touch to a dress, handkerchief, or piece of lace;' and he mourns over the scorchings and soilings which, even if obtainable, such an iron is likely to produce. Hence his invention. There is a little spirit-lamp with a wick, and a tube which conveys the heated air to the interior of a double-faced iron; both faces can be heated in equal or unequal degree; and the lady can give a 'coup de fer' to her millinery with either or both of them at pleasure. And the box-iron being hollow, an Italian iron ('fer à tuyauter') can be popped into it, and heated at the same time. We are told that a pennyworth of spirit will last two hours; that the iron and a spirit-bottle can be packed in a small box for travelling; and that the genuine article is to be known by the device of two classical torches, a star, and the words 'Economie, propreté, salubrité, promptitude.'

There are furniture oddities, as well as oddities in clothing and its accessories. Witness that cunning *multum in parvo* from Dublin, the room-full of furniture packed or packable in a box. It is not quite so wonderful as the magic cabinet displayed by a foreigner at the Polytechnic Institution a year or two ago, but it is very clever for all that. There are six chairs and a couch, all with blue stuffed seats, backs, and elbows, and all, when taken to pieces, susceptible of being packed away in a flat box about a yard square by six inches deep. And a cabinet-

maker from Holland seems to have been 'inspired' with the same kind of genius as his brother tradesman from Dublin, at about the same time; for he has sent no fewer than twelve chairs, all packed in a space of eight square feet, the box being narrower and deeper than the one just noted. There is that circular table, too, expandible to nearly double its former area, without losing its circular shape, by an ingenious application of screws and levers. Surely window-blinds never before met our eyes so cheap as those from Hamburg —substitutes for Venetian blinds at twopence-halfpenny per square foot —made of little bits of wood and string, humble enough in every way, but neat and tidy. And those small tables, chess-boards, dish-stands, kettle-holders, and miscellaneous articles made in Stuttgard from polished inlaid veneer: no English manufacturer would dream of making such things at such low prices. The 'pianino pædoterpe,' the tiny table-piano with strips of glass instead of strings, used for teaching children the rudiments of music, is really a very useful and creditable oddity. Perhaps some day we shall have in our mansions electric bell-handles, such as those exhibited in the French department, where we are directed to press the finger on knobs inscribed with the names 'Pierre,' 'Louis,' 'Jean,' 'Charles,' 'Paul,' intended to summon those faithful domestics to our presence. If we want shilling clocks, here they are, in the North Gallery, each comprising a column of mercury, which slides down a glass tube in a certain number of hours, and having graduated scales at the sides. The mercury, it is true, becomes sluggish after a time, making the clock slow; but it is, nevertheless, a very curious shilling's worth. There is that wonderful lock, not beautiful to look at, but carrying out the old principle of the puzzle-lock to an embarrassing degree, with its seven concentric rings of letters, and its two hundred million modes of combination. If the locker-up should forget the cipher with which he fastened the lock, how would he unfasten it? 'that is the question.' We are not many of us so extravagant as that sad fellow the late Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Medjid, or we might order from Mr. Defries such a glass curtain as is exhibited in the South Court, formed of fifteen hundred silvered prisms, and giving a brilliant reflection when lights are placed in front of it; or such naughty extravagancies as the jewelled stereoscope and the jewelled mirror.

Those who travel enough to know that Hansoms are 'hat-crushers, finger-smashers, coat-soilers, and mud-splashers,' and that the supplementary omnibuses brought to light during the Exhibition are characterized by 'leaky roofs, musty seats, battered ribs, and cushions stuffed with mouldy hay,' will be glad to welcome many smart vehicles at Brompton; some of which have the mark of oddity belonging to them. Such, for instance, is the 'reversible waggonette,' which, by a few magic adjustments, becomes convertible into an open family carriage, a close carriage, a mail phaeton, a dog-cart phaeton, and a break or luggage-cart. Another possesses a name which leads us to hope that the inventor understands Greek; it is the 'dioropha,' of which the entire upper half may be slung on or off while in the coach-house, thus making it either a close or an open carriage. There is that French omnibus, too, with the tell-tale apparatus for recording the number of persons who go in and out. We have tried such things before in England, but somehow the apparatus was always found to be out of order, from causes of which the conductors and drivers slily professed themselves to be quite ignorant. Travellers by railway will have reason to be struck with the oddity of Mr. Ramsbottom's apparatus, by which a locomotive may suck up the water to feed its boiler out of a trough a quarter of a mile long, while going at a rate of thirty miles an hour; and with the apparatus whereby a train may carry its gas-works with it for lighting the carriages; and with the beautiful little model of a locomotive, having a golden steam-dome and silver boiler-tubes, really made workable by the heat of a tiny spirit-lamp,

and the whole weighing somewhere about an ounce. The lovers of nautical constructions may be called upon to admire the little model of the 'Euryalus,' which certainly rolls upon its clock-work sea very prettily; and Mr. Biffin's wager-boat, which we may take in pieces and almost put into our coat pockets; and Mr. Thompson's machinery for boat-building, by which a boat may be turned out of hand all complete in five hours.

If we ramble through the Exhibition in the way that thousands do, taking everything just as it comes, and adhering to no particular plan as to classes or countries, we may, perchance, stumble over oddities somewhat in the following way. There is a Sheffield knife with seventy-five highly-polished little blades, the whole affair compact enough to go into a thimble. Near it is a razor large enough to shave Dionysius and several other tyrants all at once; and a pair of scissors that would almost cut a sheet of iron into ribbons. Spain shows us a Toledo sword bent double, to test the temper of the steel. At one place are water-pipes made of paper, actual paper, so well bituminized as to be both strong and waterproof. At another are the philosophical safety lucifers, tipped with a composition that will only ignite when rubbed upon that particular sand-paper with which those particular boxes are covered. Then, in what is called the Process Court, we may see what not one in ten thousand of us has ever seen before—men making veritable tobacco-pipes and black-lead pencils; and there is an ingenious person here who makes paper bags, pasting and all, at the rate of about a dozen in a minute, by means of a machine something like those for making envelopes. Brass wire thread attracts our notice by its fineness, eight miles of it only weighing one pound. Here are M. Senk's fountain-pens, apparently very useful little affairs; but the oddity lies in his English instructions for use: 'If you like to make a fine, middling, or big writing, lean the suckers so hardly that it wants.' There is the electric target, which sends back word to the shooter exactly where it has been hit, as if it were a sentient being conscious of pain and injury. There is Holmes's electric light, which involves deeper philosophy than most gazers are aware of, for it converts heat into power, power into magnetism, and magnetism into light. There is the diamond-grinding apparatus, by which M. Auerhaan, under the auspices of Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, shows how precious gems are shaped by rather dirty-looking apparatus. There are the sheets of paper made from old barége and merino dresses, the wool being charred out by means of super-heated steam, and the cotton worked up to a pulp. There is the parchment made from paper, so tough and durable that we can hardly recognize it as paper at all. There are Mr. Benson's curious ancient watches, one having a case cut from a solid Brazilian pebble, another cut from an agate, and another that shows the month, the day of the month, the day of the week, the moon's age, the hour, the minute, and the second. There is an album from Austria weighing six hundred pounds, and seeming as if it would almost require a steam-engine to open it. There is a mass of alum as large as Big Ben, but not so sadly cracked. There are some hollow candles, which admit the air inside as well as out, to feed the flame—a very sensible arrangement. There is that lively frog which was found deep down in a bed of Butterley coal, and which has had a little house cut for itself in the very block of coal in which it was found. There is that jar of water which has had a perceptible tint given to it by one single drop of aniline, the source of the lovely magenta colour. Curious and interesting, and ought to be valuable, is the type-composing machine, by which a person playing on a sort of dumb piano arranges the types for printing, to the tune of forty thousand types per day. There is a sheet of india-rubber, four feet square, so thin as to be diaphonous; and there is a vulcanized india-rubber statue, as large as life, in the Zollverein, waiting for time to show whether it is durable or not.

MUSICAL MEMORIES: OPERA QUEENS.*

Part I.

ON one of the fairest midsummer eves that ever fell from the skies—a Phaëton with all his splendour, but without his fire—we found ourselves in a picturesque cemetery in Belgium—a miniature Père la Chaise. We reached it by a pleasant walk along a pleasant suburb shaded by alleys of the finest lime trees, bees filling the air with their song in the earlier part of our progress, and the neighbouring strip of water baptizing it with freshness. Solitude added its charms to the tranquil beauty of the scene; for, be it noted, it was not on Sunday that we made acquaintance with the village of Lacken, nor patrolled the length of the too highly-lauded *Allée Verte*, when crowds of pleasure-seekers would have marred the beauty of the scene, and turned a solemnizing and spiritual communion with nature and nature's God into a very vulgar festival. Had we adopted the weekly holiday for our pedestrian trip, we should have been in the case of Ariosto's angel Michael, who entered the church doors in search of sacred silence, and encountered the brawl of the discordant multitude; but we, though we should have had the multitude, would have escaped the discord; for nothing can be more decorous than a Belgian promenade. We were alone, but alone only in the sense of him who described himself as never less alone than when alone. Our pilgrimage was to gratify a natural curiosity, but it was ennobled by being a tribute of homage to departed genius. We had exhausted the fine churches and carved pulpits of Belgium—its town halls, squares, fountains, and boulevards; had made ourselves as familiar as a stranger might with its people and customs, admiring its re-nascent literature, and revelling in its treasures of old books. Nowhere are these last so abundant, so attractive, and so cheap. A Hain might fill his Repertorium with *Fifteeners* out of Bruges and Brussels alone. Being many-sided, therefore, in our culture and tastes, and ready to sip enjoyment out of every spring that offered, a saunter to Lacken, and a regret over Malibran's tomb, were meant to furnish the recreation for the hours of, at least, one evening. It was the only tribute we could pay to the memory of that ill-fated child of song, but it was rendered with all our heart—the unspoken panegyric upon her fascinations laid in silent admiration on her tomb.

The lustiness of the green life of July seemed hushed into preternatural stillness in the presence of that place of tombs; and as we traversed its gravelled walks, and gazed upon its various sepulchres of various taste, but all eloquent of the worth of the dead and the regret of survivors—as we contrasted the palace on the one hand and the mausoleum on the other, a most impressive homily on the vanity of earth—the very grasshoppers were still, and we could hear the beating of our own subdued heart. Certainly, our views of the place and the matter were sufficiently grave at that sweet summer visit, without being melancholic or sad; for we thought more of the reputation of the living singer than of her premature decease, and, besides, the scene around presented a certain English rural aspect that was undeniably soothing, and made one feel, in a sense, at home. Gray's 'Elegy' might have been composed there; as the tone of feeling that exquisite poem breathes was quite in harmony with the features of Lacken churchyard—peaceful, retired, regretful, and hopeful, as became the repose of the dead. The fragrance of new-made hay, and our common English wild flowers, rose around us with an English homeliness, nothing but an occasional crucifix or Madonna reminding us that we were on a foreign soil. One might have said of it what Shelley said of the Protestant burial-ground

* 'Thirty Years' Musical Recollections,' by Henry F. Chorley. In two volumes. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1862.

at Rome, but that the sorryness of the saying forbids its adoption: 'It might make one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place.' All the manhood, surely, must have been sucked out of the pen that could address a listening public so sillily as this, and forget its loudly-trumpeted mission to teach all nations, in the puling sentimentality of a boarding-school miss. In Lacken burial-ground we had no thought how sweet it might be to lie there in death: our thoughts were of quite another order; but we did think that we could contemplate, while within its bounds, the final home of all the living with a Christian equanimity, undisturbed by the outer world, and that the still companionship of the dead was a more impressive illustration of 'solitude' than all Zimmermann's forgotten book. We had no reason on any ground to regret our visit to that pretty spot, as our reflections were not irksome to ourselves, and we reaped all the satisfaction we expected from treading reverently on the ashes of the extinguished singer. Wrongly named *Felicia* de Beriot! yours was an unhappy lot—early fêted, early wedded (ungenially), and early called away.

Public feeling was rarely so excited by any incident of operatic life as by the sudden death of one of its favourites during the gaiety of a festival, and amid a round of artistic engagements. It wrapped the memory of Malibran in a shroud of melancholy interest, and probably enhanced the general appreciation of her merits as a singer.

In that capacity neither her gifts nor her graces were of the highest order. Yet was there the highest cultivation to extend the by no means narrow limits of her mezzo-soprano endowments, and the utmost *abandon* of passion in performance, which carried away both herself and her audience into a region far beyond the reach of criticism. Her performance was not showy, nor was it meant to be showy, but it was full of feeling—extravagant feeling, it might be said or supposed—but perfectly genuine all the while, although one could have sometimes wished a closer proportion observed between the parts enacted and their demand for emphasis. She was a flash of vocal lightning—a musical intermittent torrent—very sweet, very fascinating, and very surprising.

Mr. Chorley, in his interesting 'Musical Recollections,' does Madame Malibran full justice; but, as a scientific musician and connoisseur, he is by no means blind to her faults as an artist. His work, now lying before us, is written with great candour, although with a pervading kindness, and will help to direct the judgment of posterity respecting our musical composers and performers. In some sort it antedates the verdict, for although it only embraces thirty years, thirty years is a long period in the career of the sons and daughters of song; and many who delighted their public at the commencement of that period, have either wholly passed away, like Malibran, into the Land of Silence, or have been lost to theatrical life amid the shades of retirement, like Rossini and a host of singers. Mr. Chorley's work is, as might be expected, chronological in its arrangement; but our notices will be personal rather than chronological. And as the place of honour is due to the ladies, we shall proceed to cull a few anecdotes from his copious details, directing those whom our appetizing whet may stimulate to seek a *bonne bouche* at the full board of the ingenious author.

Maria Malibran, *née* Garcia, was born in Paris in 1808, but brought up mostly in England. She was married to Malibran, in America, in 1826, and dated her great popularity in England from her appearance in London in 1829. She died in 1836, at a musical festival at Manchester, having comprised her whole public life in a too brief space of ten years. By marvellous industry and assiduous practice under her father, her voice extended its range over some half octave or so beyond its natural notes, with a little detriment even in her case, though with less than what Alboni has suffered, and almost every other singer. The effort

usually spoils what is really good, and never attains complete mastery over the object grasped at. The gain is doubtful, the loss certain—the game, were it only recognized, being in all cases a losing one. But Malibran was an accomplished musician and woman of real genius, so that she moulded music to her will, and overcame or concealed, with an execution and a *verve* almost beyond art, the defects or difficulties which would have defeated others. Her personal appearance and taste in dress were natural and simple, and contributed to her charm. Mr. Chorley writes on this head—

'She may not have been beautiful, but she was better than beautiful—insomuch as a speaking Spanish human countenance by Murillo is ten times more fascinating than many a faultless angel-face such as Guido could paint. There was health of tint, with but a slight touch of the yellow rose, in her complexion; great mobility of expression in her features; an honest direct brightness of eye; a refinement in the form of her head, and in the set of it on her shoulders, more obvious in 1830 than it could be in 1860, when the desire of female beauty seems to be to obliterate that which so thoroughly expresses grace, high-breeding, and character, the turn of the head. But Malibran had her own tastes and fashions in dress. She knew what suited her features. At a time when public singers indulged in crowning themselves with hearses of feathers and gigantic hats (the size of which to-day seems so absurd in some caricatures by Chalon), I remember to have seen her braided hair circled by a fine Venetian chain; with one small coin serving for clasp, above her forehead, and attracting every eye by the thorough fitness of the ornament to its wearer. Perhaps the chain indicated the character of a woman—if not in her art, in her life at least—thoroughly, fearlessly, original.'

Her greatest character was her *Desdemona*, and her finest part of the representation the third act of 'Otello.' Her characteristic style was exuberant, florid, extravagant to excess, yet governed by science amid its most passionate impulses, leaving her without an equal in her peculiar line while living, and without a successor since. As a woman she was ambitious, munificent, noble, careless—insatiable in her search for excitement and effect. Impatient of her feminine condition, she would be a gentleman in her recreations, and overleap the natural limit of her powers of daring and endurance. She rode on horseback impetuously, forgetful of her sex, and bore the penalty of that and other strains upon her overtasked ability by her unexpected decease, to which premature labour conduced.

In other ways her caprices shone. She could sing, but she could not dance, yet she would dance, and she did not care to sing. This is something like the humorous Yates' and Liston's fancy, that they could excel in tragedy, or Kean the elder's taste to act comedy. Of Malibran as a Terpsichorean Mr. Chorley writes—

'It was at Naples that she gave way to one of her oddest caprices. She played, says Madame Merlin in her "Memoirs," in a new opera, "Amelia," composed by Rossi. In this opera Malibran undertook to dance the Mazurka. She never excelled in dancing, though she was excessively fond of it. Her native grace seemed to forsake her whenever she attempted to dance; still she seized every opportunity of dancing on the stage. In this instance Madame Malibran's Mazurka certainly contributed to the failure of "Amelia." I have elsewhere been assured that she could never dance in time, a peculiarity which, however singular it seems, has distinguished more than one perfectly organized musician.'

Of so gifted, wild, and fanciful a being, it is impossible to think without a strange and affectionate regret.

Madame Pasta claims a regal place amongst the queens of the opera, in the earlier period embraced within the 'Recollections'—that noble actress and grand impersonator of grandiose characters on the stage. She, from the presence and power of genius, truth, and thought in her presentations, has made deeper and more lasting impressions on her hearers than any other singer in the last thirty years. But her great triumphs belong to a period somewhat earlier. In her delivery as an artist, in her best days, there was an exquisite execution of her music, while her gestures and declamation thrilled with terror or moved to tears. Sontag, Malibran, and Grisi had each their particular and unde-

nisable charm and favourite part; but Pasta had grace, dignity, emotion for all parts. And yet she had conquered almost unconquerable difficulties in order to reach her eminence in art. Her voice was not of first-rate quality, a mediocre mezzo-soprano, limited in range, husky in tone, weak in power. Her figure was short, her features not fine, and her gait not prepossessing. With all these obstacles in her path, she nevertheless, by honest industry, won her way to an eminence in operatic performance which is now an established tradition. Her studies to acquire execution must have been tremendous; but the volubility and brilliancy, when acquired, gained a character of value quite their own, from the native resistance of the organ. There were a breadth, an expressiveness in her roulades, an evenness and solidity in her shake, which imparted to every passage a significance totally beyond the reach of lighter and more spontaneous singers.

She possessed one of the most essential qualifications for a scientific singer, that of a sense for the measurement and proportion of time. Duprez, the Frenchman, and Madame Persiani came the nearest to her in possession of that fine quality, which is more an instinct than an acquisition.

The truth and force, combined with the sustained earnest calmness of her declamation, distanced all rivalship, and riveted every spectator from the opening of her lips to their closing. Her voice left her in later years, when she had retired from the stage, so that amateur performances afterwards painfully revealed the defects; but she never lost her charm. She still remained

'Queen
And wonder of the enchanted world of sound.'

The grandeur of her style knew no decay, and recalled the exploits of her younger days:

'Still in her ashes lived their wonted fires.'

Her *Romeo* and her *Aurelian*, in 'Palmyra,' were something to remember, from the passion and finish thrown into her execution of them; and when in the tomb scene of the Capuletti, she lifts a lock of the deceased maiden's hair, and gazes upon the face of the dead, the burst of despair from the heart with which she uttered the words, 'Ah, mia Giulietta!' drew tears from the most reluctant eyes.

In the 'Medea,' the awful concentrated expression of vengeance that marked her face and figure as she beheld her husband's bridal train pass by with Creon's daughter, filled every heart with horror. Her fellow-actors must have shuddered at her countenance, lit up with awful fire, still as death, inexorable as doom—no uncommon effect of true genius in an actor. Madame Viardot, in the 'Jewess,' about to be consigned to a caldron of boiling oil by the tender mercy of the Inquisitors, in like manner horrified the actors around her by her vivid expression of terrible fascination.

Thus to have seen and heard Pasta was an event in one's life, and an epoch in one's musical education. Mr. Chorley thus speaks of his impression of this great actress—

'These memories are so many possessions to those who have seen them, so long as reason shall last; and their reality is all the more assured to me, because I have not yet fallen into the old man's habit of denying or doubting new sensations.

'There's always morning somewhere in the world.'

God be thanked! there is always also genius. I never thought of the *Medea* of Madame Pasta with greater enthusiasm of regard, than after enjoying, with sensations not less strong, the *Medea* in spoken drama of Madame Ristori.'

Of Madame Grisi we may speak with almost the freedom of the past, so often has she taken farewell of the opera-going public. Her career of a quarter of a century takes her back into the closing Pasta years. In our day there has been no woman so beautiful, so liberally endowed with voice and dramatic impulses as herself—Catalani excepted. Born, in 1812, at Milan, she early took her place amongst the stars of opera in Italy, France, and England, appearing in many parts, but making the Druid priestess, in 'Norma,' emphatically her own. No opera-queen has

prelonged her reign so successfully as she. Her remarkable beauty, her symmetry of feature, her rich southern smoothness of complexion, the set of her head enchanting and graceful, won a prepossession for the actress, which her rich, sweet soprano voice, ranging equable and clear through two octaves, from C to C, failed not to confirm. Her shake was clear and rapid; her scales were certain; every interval was taken without hesitation by her. In an impassioned scene her glorious notes rang through the house like a clarion. Her *Lucrezia* was her next greatest part. She has proved such an assured favourite of the English public that they unwillingly part from her even in this era of her failing powers. Fresher singers have failed to wrest the sceptre out of her hands. So unprecedented has been the duration of her reign, that few chroniclers of thirty years in future can hope for a counterpart of the phenomenon.

Madame Persiani was always a greater favourite with artists and connoisseurs than with the public. In appearance she was pale, plain, anxious. She was unaccountably tasteless in her dress for a Frenchwoman. Her one good point was her hair, which was splendidly profuse and of an agreeable colour.

But her voice was sharp and shrill —an acute soprano mounting to E flat altissimo — and never blending with other voices willingly. She had further to cope with the splendid Grisi, while passionate action was beyond her reach. With all this against her, she was, nevertheless, such a mistress of the art of singing as few women in our time, or in any time, have been, thanks to the teaching of her father, Tacchinardi. The perfection with which she wrought up certain songs, such as the 'Somnambula' finale, and the mad scene in 'Lucia,' if considered in respect to style, and to what style can do, has been rarely if ever approached.

She possessed, moreover, the finest possible sense of accent; from her every phrase had its fullest measure, to which she added great taste and extraordinary facility in ornament. Every conceivable passage was finished by this admirable singer to perfection; her variety, too, was great. In her encores she rarely repeated her *cabaletta* without some change or enhancement to its brilliancy. In comparison with this careful and most scientific artist, her younger successors sound like so many immature scholars of the second class. In reference to her Mendelssohn made the generous remark before some carping critics: 'Well, I do like Madame Persiani dearly. She is such a thorough artist, and she sings so earnestly— and there is such a pleasant *bitter* tone in her voice.'

Mdlle. Alboni possesses a voice the almost exact reverse of that of Madame Persiani, with whom she sang on the stage. Like her looks, which might be said, in Talfourd's happy phrase, to be radiant with 'corn and wine and oil,' her voice was rich, deep, and delicious—as sweet as honey — no Italian voice more luscious. It is a real contralto of two octaves, from G to G, with that tremulous attractive quality which reminds fanciful spectators of the quivering air of a blazing summer's noon. Alboni is a sunny being, and is gifted with the sunniest gifts of voice and feature. Mrs. Alfred Shaw and Miss Lascelles, amongst our English singers, possessed much the same quality of voice. But there has been an absence of dramatic instinct which has made many of this lady's delicious qualities pall after a time. But she has proved herself a great and successful artist, and almost the last of the great Italian singers. Her training has been late but effective, although it has had the effect of impairing the voice in some measure. The ambition of singing higher than nature intended, like other ambitions, over-vaults itself. No one is still more popular for her delicious melody of tone in her natural range — her calmness, her placidity, her—we may say it without scruple—vocal perfection. Her audiences will hear her display music in 'Alsace' with such spellbound delight as may be enjoyed in the island of lotus-eaters alone.

The Swan of Erin, as Miss Hayes was affectedly called, was charac-

terized by the national Irish peculiarity of the sentimental and slow, not to say drawling style of singing. Yet Miss Hayes sang with success in Italy, and more nearly reached the standard of Italian perfection than our own more exacting English one. She had had no sufficient musical education, and possessed no dramatic talent. She wisely deserted the stage, and confined herself to ballad and concert singing, where, in a limited time, she had few rivals. In allusion to her 'linked sweetness *long drawn out*,' Mr. Chorley amusingly says—

'Her "Last Rose of Summer" always seemed to me long enough to hold out till it should come to be transformed into the rose-bud of Spring: she was most gentle, most gracious, yet (because inarticulate) rather wearisome.'

In connection with the name of Pauline Viardot, *née* Garcia, but married to a clever French writer, Mr. Chorley declares—

'It is well once in a life's experience, to have known, and seen, and proved, that the culture of art to its highest point, in a world mistrusted unfairly as one of exclusive sensual seduction, neither narrows, nor precludes, nor preoccupies the artist, so as to limit the play of fancy or the exercise of wholesome affection, or the intelligence which will keep abreast of the time.'

To which we may add the observation, as a *pendant* to his own, that in the performances at the opera, there is not necessarily anything offensive to morals either in the actors or the spectators. The music of opera is the least sensual of all sensuous enjoyments. Highly elaborated and scientific harmonies furnish rather a treat to a well-trained ear, than nurture to unruly passions. For the cultivation of music in its most complicated and pleasing forms, the opera presents the aptest school. Except the oratorio, none other is worthy of the name. Musical development must be looked for in this direction, and not in any other. The finest, most thorough, most melodious, and most intellectual progress of the science of song is only to be found on the operatic stage. Music being deemed in itself harmless, even the puritanic Cromwell, who proscribed the ordinary theatre, gave his licence to opera, because it 'could not corrupt the morals of the people.'

Now opera is music and music only. No one hears the words, understands the words, cares for the words. It is refined, exalted, expressive, dramatic music, but not the drama proper. Milton might almost have been supposed prophetic in the adaptation of his description to the artificial combinations of modern concerted music:—

'Notes with many a winding bout,
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out
With wanton heed and giddy cunning;
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.'

The opera has had its vestals as well as its 'Dames aux Camelias.' Madame Viardot is an interesting woman, as well as a clever actress and singer. This lady came out in the days of the grand singers at the Italian Opera in London, in the character of *Desdemona*, in 'Otello,' very young, very incomplete, and yet conveying the impression that she was one who would prove a masterful artist, and that another great career was begun in her. As the play proceeded, her individual character came out with strength; fire, courage, accomplishment were in it—all the Malibran with something besides. She succeeded in 'La Sonnambula' afterwards under untoward circumstances, and after every part had long been appropriated by living rivals, but her triumph was reserved for 'Les Huguenots.' It may be doubted, too, whether such a perfect representation of Glück's 'Orfeo' ever trod the stage as Madame Viardot. Her voice and style adapt themselves to a wonderful variety of performance, ancient or modern music—severe or florid, sacred or profane, tranquil or wild. Except in the late Sontag no such variety exists.

We pass over, by constraint, the name of many other deserving artists, especially avoiding those now claiming the suffrages of the public, recollections rather than present impressions being our theme.

In presenting only a few of the ladies first, reserving a notice of our

best men-singers for a future number, we but act in accordance with the gallant spirit of our author, whose chivalrous note on the rude treatment of lady artists on the stage, by a thoughtless and exacting audience, has our entire approval:—

'No woman, were men courteous, should be thus cruelly insulted, unless the woman should have forgot the decencies of woman's modesty. Let those who have placed her in so false a position be brought to account. This has been done in Italy—where, after the very bad singing of the wife of a public favourite *he* was called for, and hissed violently for allowing his wife to appear. But it is not always that the men of Italy are so temperately courteous. I was present some years ago in La Scala, Milan, at the representation of an opera, "Saul," by Maestro Cannetti. The unfortunate prima donna (who has since gained some reputation) did not please the Lombard *dilettanti*. When the quick movement of her great air began, some twenty coarse male creatures stood up in their stalls and sang it with her; when she retired, in still more brutal fashion, crying in their harsh Milanese voices—"Brutta! Brutta!"'

We started with Belgium in this paper; we end with Milan; we reappear in London.

AN ANSWER (IN ACROSTIC) TO CHARADE BY K. L., IN No. VII., VOL. II.

WAVE after wave danced by the drifting boat,
And as each leapt to kiss the jewelled hand
Voluptuously toying with the spray,
Enticed within its depths the fatal RING.
Roused from his dream of love—NO WAVERING—
Into the treacherous stream the lover plunged;
Nor e'er returned—the ring—the gallant's heart—
Gone, gone alike! the wave a tomb for both.

M. S. W.

MY SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

CITIES I had seen,—until, indeed, I was tired of them. Also I had seen, often without greatly admiring, the manners of men, but not *of Man*. In Mona I had never been. It needed, therefore, that I should be off at once.

I thrust a clean shirt and a toothbrush into my carpet bag, and ran as fast as I could. That rapid steamer 'The Firefly' was advertised to make the passage from Liverpool to the island (paddle-engines and remorse permitting) every day during that month of September in about five hours and a half, starting punctually at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and the hour struck as I stepped on board and paid my passage.

Now I *knew* I should be sick. Scanty, infinitesimally scanty, as were my marine experiences, that much I did know. I may say that if ever man set himself afloat on salt water with a full conviction, and even determination, that he *would* be sick, I did. I remembered a certain fishing excursion—off Scarbro' I think—where I came signally to grief. And though except on that occasion I had never been a mariner, I had once subsequently spent half an hour looking at Turner's pictures, and been obliged to leave hastily owing to the most disagreeable sensations in the pit of the stomach. Once actually on the wave again—once really bidding to my native shore good morning—it never entered my mind that I could escape sea-sickness. My first business, accordingly, was to prepare for it.

Wandering about, looking for a quiet corner where I might be unhappy without interruption, I found myself at the helm, with only one other person standing by. I touched him on the shoulder, and asked, 'Would it be disagreeable to him if I should sit down there and be sick?' He turned and pointed silently to a brazen inscription:—

'Passengers are requested not to speak to the Man at the Wheel.'

I assured him that though I did happen to be there at that particular moment, I was not the person described as 'the man at the wheel. He might speak to me, I said, without any fear. He only shook his head impatiently, and motioned me down.

Walking back, I observed the passengers, pallid, melancholy-looking, settling themselves in such positions as were best attainable, with little buckets fixed between their feet, into which they were intently gazing. Others were leaning over the bulwarks (I think some one called them bulwarks), engaged (as a saturnine individual explained to me) in 'lightening cargo,' for we were now fairly out at sea and the waves ran high. It was probable, he added, that my assistance would be required at that employment soon. Smiling dismally I sought a bucket—sought, however, without success; had to pace the deck, grumbling, disconsolate, bucketless.

Such trials might have disturbed a more equable temper than mine. But the measure was not yet full. To add to my annoyance, after such elaborate resignation, I was not sick one moment, going or returning.

There are two extremes into one or other of which we travellers who visit strange lands are extremely apt to fall. The first is that of supposing everything that is new to us to be also new to the rest of the world, and we ourselves to be the first traveller with any talent of observation who has seen the particular places through which we happen to pass. The opposite error is that of affecting a superiority to so vulgar a passion as curiosity;—of visiting places merely to say that we have been. For my part, I was resolved to hold by the golden mean;—to remember, on the one hand, that it was now a good while since the Isle of Man was first discovered, and that a many people had already been there; but, on the other hand, not to fail to make some few 'observations' and 'remarks,' if only to sustain my credit.

I was anxious, therefore, to make at least one such observation on the voyage out, but had little expectation of a favourable chance. I had deliberated, 'Would it be worth while saying to any one, that I thought sailing in one direction at sea must be extremely like sailing in another direction?' I had wondered whether there was any chance of our missing the island altogether and steaming straight on into Dundrum Bay; and whether, in such an event, there would be any extra charge made on us. I had concluded, at last, that it was not worth while naming to anybody either my reflection or my wonder.

Then I watched the big jelly-fishes floating by. There they were, lazily drifting on the surface of the waves, half a dozen on this hand or that meeting us every minute—floating on their sides, and looking not unlike huge mushrooms, with apparently eight or ten stalks protruding and dangling in the water.

From time to time the seagulls that hung above, flapping their wings so noiselessly, made a quick swoop, dashed into the water, and emerged with their struggling prey.

And so for league after league we steamed along, and I had well-nigh gone off into a doze, when the twang of a harp and the voice of a child behind me roused my attention.

She who played the harp was a girl of about fourteen; and she who sang was evidently a younger sister, of nine or ten.

'We return, we return, we return no more;'

so ran the song, and the little singer made such plaintive melody, I almost wondered there was no tear in her dark bright eye. An elder brother stood by and joined in unison, an octave lower; while an old man, who seemed head of the party, growled away in the bass.

'Poor little bird,' thought I (soliloquizing after the manner of a more famous sentimental traveller), 'who knows what thy wish may be? Mayhap thou hast made this trip so often, from Douglas to Liverpool and back again—mayhap thou hast sung thy little songs so often to ears that heeded not—mayhap so few crumbs are thrown to thee for thy singing, that thou heartily wishest there were truth in thy song, that thou mightest indeed "return no more," but remain a happy little child in some poor cottage home.'

The song ended while I mused in this way, and for a moment there was silence. It was broken by a snuffy person at my elbow, who gave the child a penny and demanded an *encore*. The child passed the penny to the old man, who motioned her to begin her song afresh.

'But, surely,' I said, 'you do not allow an *encore* of a pathetic song?'

He answered that they must needs sing as they were asked. I looked at him as he spoke, and liked him not. A hard, selfish man, whose countenance said plainly that so long as he could make those children support him, he cared for nothing more. That was the conclusion at which I arrived in an instant. I walked away, and mused on their sad lot for the next half-hour.

At about the end of that time I was passing the open cabin door, and heard the sound of laughter from beneath. As I paced backwards and forwards I continued to hear this merriment, and at last I thought, as the cabins were free to all, I might step down and share it.

It was from the singing children whose hard fate I had been so piteously bewailing. The little one laughed the loudest. She had her arms round the old man's neck, and was snatching a kiss from him as I entered. They were alone in the cabin, and were eating their dinner—a poor dinner I saw at a glance, but the old man had given the younger children all the better portions.

'Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!'

I said, advancing, and added to myself, 'May the foul fiend fly away with the science of physiognomy, and with me too, if ever I place faith in it again!' The old man rose as I spoke, bowed to me politely, and sat down again.

'You have the best of sauce to your food, my friend,' said I; 'contentment and a merry heart are more than half the meal.

He answered, half singing, half speaking—

'On peut bien manger sans nappe:'

and the girls took up the note and carolled in chorus—

'Les gueux, les gueux,
Sont les gens heureux,
Ils s'aiment entre eux;'

to whom again, rather than to me, he sang, 'True, true, my darlings'—

'C'est l'amour, qui rend visite,
A la pauvreté qui rit.'

'And if the little god dines with you here to-day,' I said, 'may I not also be one of the party?' And as I spoke I seated myself amongst them, and placed on the table some refreshments I had provided.

'He is always of our party,' said the father, 'and you are welcome, too.'

'But you are not French, good sir?' I asked.

'Not French,' he replied—he was a Manxman born.

'And the children,' I went on, 'were they—were they—' (I was at a loss for the word and had to pause). 'Were they—Manganese?' at last I said (thinking I had found it).

'They were his children,' he replied, 'and were all born in the island.' He added, smiling, that Manx children were not described as Manganese. They had all travelled much, he said, as minstrels in the south of France, and there they had learnt many French songs, and to speak the language as their own.

I sat and chatted with them gaily till the increased noise overhead apprised us we were in Douglas Bay. I had never met with truer courtesy; I had never seen more honest cheerfulness and contentment in any rank of life. I parted from them as from old friends.

They were preparing to land us in boats. It was too rough for the packet to approach the pier.

The high hills in the background right before us, the little town at their feet, the Tower of Refuge standing boldly out in the bay—all these combined to produce a panorama that impressed me.

The water, too, though so rough, we could see when in the boats to be clear as crystal, bright as a sea of molten glass, green as the emerald: at a depth of twenty feet beneath us the pebbles were so visible we almost thought to touch them.

As I stepped on the pier an elderly female, respectably dressed, advanced and presented a card to me:—

Mrs. Crump,
18, Marine Road.
APARTMENTS.

Now I have a great aversion to *touters* of every description, so, thrusting back her card, I said gruffly, 'No, I didn't want lodgings,' and walked off.

Mrs. Crump evidently knew better. She kept close to me, entreating 'Would my honour please to look at her apartments?'

'No, no, I had only one day to stay, and I was going to the hotel,' and I increased my pace as I spoke.

'But the hotels were all very bad,' she said, still trotting along by my side; 'would my honour condescend to go with her son who would show me her house?' This son of whom she spoke seemed to have sprung out of the ground at his mother's signal. He was standing at my other elbow—a fine-looking, chubby-faced little fellow.

Thinking that I could more easily evade him than his mother, my honour said, 'Well, well, I would go with him, then.' Mrs. Crump ran back to look for another customer, and as soon as she was out of sight, I told the boy he had better go after her. He assured me he durst not lose sight of me or go home without me, so in sheer pity to the lad I had to go home with him.

Marine Road I found was full of 'apartments,' and I was told more than once as we passed the doors of rival establishments, that I 'should get very bad lodgings where that little boy was taking me.'

In another minute, however, I was in the house, with a door shut behind me. And a very good, clean, comfortable house it was too, with a

snug little bedroom looking on to the sea, and a good sitting-room beneath it. So after brief palaver I made a formal surrender of myself and my carpet bag to Mrs. Crump's garrison.

Mrs. Crump herself came in directly after with a lady and gentleman whom I recognized at once, we having come by the packet together; so we made a party and joined at tea, Mrs. Crump presiding, and Johnny, her son, hovering about as supernumerary.

After tea, I walked out, though it was almost dark, ascended the hills and admired the view, what I could see of it, seaward and landward; penetrated the streets of the town and did *not* admire anything about them, except the ingenuity with which they appeared to have been contrived to puzzle the stranger. I concluded, however, that they had been thus constructed expressly for the convenience of gentlemen engaged in the 'fair trade' when chased by the collectors of Her Majesty's revenue.

I bought wine, bought cigars, bought eau-de-cologne, bought a pack of cards for fourpence, bought lots of things for which I had no use at all, merely because they were duty free.

Then with my pockets filled I was wondering how I should find my way back to Mrs. Crump's, when some one touched my arm, and looking down I saw it was Johnny. He piloted me home, and feeling tired I went soon to bed.

We were quite a large party at breakfast—nigh a dozen. I propounded the question, 'How shall a man who has only one day at his disposal spend his time in the Isle of Man to the best advantage?'

There were as many different answers as guests at the table.

'Go by coach to Ramsey.'

'Hire a saddle-horse and go to Castle Rushin.'

'Stay at Douglas and take walks in the vicinity to Kirkbradden, &c.'

'Go to Goddard Crovan's stone where Alice met Julian Peveril.' (This was from the young lady who came over with me, and whom I had observed to be reading 'Peveril of the Peak' all the way.)

'Take the 'bus to Castletown.'

'Go to Peel and see the ruins.'

'Take a boat and sail round the island.'

'Take a balloon and fly over it.'

To stem the torrent of suggestion, I asked, 'Where is Sodor?'

Nobody knew. One recollected that the bishop's title was 'of Sodor and Man,' but it had never occurred to him that there really might be such a place. Another thought it was in the Hebrides, being the corrupted name of a cathedral that formerly stood on a rocky islet there, and was dedicated to Saint Soter (Σωτήρ), or the Holy Saviour.

In that case, and indeed in any case, it seemed plain enough I could not go to Sodor, so I determined to go by coach to Peel, taking Kirkbradden on my way home again.

'And that,' said the driver, after we had fairly crossed the backbone of the island and were getting well through the journey, during which he had pointed out everything he thought of interest—'and that is Tynwald Mount, where the laws of the island are read over in public every year.'

It was the little artificial mound which has been described, I suppose, as often as the island itself. The turf steps leading up to it on every side were as clean and well defined as if it were a work of that year only, instead of dating, as some think, from the days of the Druids.

'Tynwald Mount,' I repeated, 'where fair-haired William Christian, the traitor-martyr was judged.'

'And yonder is Hango Hill, where the party was shot,' continued the driver.

'Now, what may be your opinion of the party,' I inquired; 'was he rightly shot, or not rightly?'

'Well,' he replied, giving a professional cut at the ears of the off horse, 'seeing as how it was nar upon two hundred years since the poor gen'lman, rightly or wrongly, was shot so effectually, it did not much matter either to me or the gen'lman what anybody thought about it now.'

He was evidently shy of being drawn out. Still I represented that an interest was felt in the subject as a matter of history, and that he being constantly on the spot, and hearing the conversation of intelligent strangers about it was a proper person to give an opinion.

'Well,' he said, 'that were right enough, and parties as came wi' him did talk about it pretty often, that were right enough too; but then, some on them would be all for the old Countess of Darby, the Lathom House Countess as they called her, and these would call this William Dhône, or William Christian, whatever his name were, a thorough scoundrel, and say he ought to have bin hanged, and drawed, and quartered, as well as shot. Then, other some would be all for Christian, and dead agin the Countess, calling him a martin and what not, and her a right-down she-devil. For him, he thought, frev all he heern, they were both on them *reg'lar game*, and did the best they could for their own sides. The Countess, he thought, was game enough to have bin Empress of Roosha, instead of Queen, as they called her, in a bit of a penfold like that 'un. Then too the gen'lman; wasn't *he* game to pin a bit of white paper on his weskit that the soldiers might take good aim at his heart? He thought that was about the gamest thing as ever he heern on, and, for him, if he had bin one of that firing party he could not have aimed very steady at that bit of white paper. Leastways not so steady as he could lift a glass of beer to his mouth if he had the chance.'

I assured him that I should at once test the steadiness of his hand (though not by asking him to fire at my waistcoat), for as he spoke we mounted the crown of a gentle eminence, and there beneath us lay the rude fishing huts of Peeltown. To the left rose the Kirk Jarmyn mountains. Straight in front, and overlooking the little town, stood the rock of Holm Peel, covered with the ruined glories of castle, and temple, and tower, of which the pride had long since gone to the ground. Beyond all, and encircling all, was the expanse of bluest azure sea.

So soon as the coachman had satisfied me that he had really a very steady hand, I walked straight to the ferry for the castle.

'And this,' I said aloud, as I stepped out of the ferry-boat, and passed through the dark, massive archway, 'this is the place which the enchanter of Abbotsford has made his own, though his eye never rested on it.* This is the place which thousands have visited, that they might see the scenes he drew, though he himself visited them not. These are the walls that held stout-hearted Charlotte of Derby and her effeminate son. Perhaps that is the broken stair down which Fenella took her perilous leap, and these the passages along which the Moddy Dhoo, the fiend dog, took its nightly walk, and where——'

The voice of one at my elbow begged my pardon and assured me I was mistaken. The passage I alluded to was at some distance, and if I would walk with him, he would be happy to show it me.

He was a big, stout, much bewhiskered man, dressed in semi-military fashion, and spoke in a rather piping tone, as if his voice were sadly too small for his body.

I informed him that any of the passages would answer my purpose quite well enough, and therefore, I thanked him, I would not trouble him.

'Just as I pleased,' he answered, in a somewhat injured way; 'he was the guide, but certainly the place was free to all. When he walked round with visitors, giving them every information, visitors gave him what they thought proper. Still visitors were at liberty to walk alone if they preferred it.' He added in a marked manner that 'he was an invalid.'

I expressed my sympathy with him and hoped that his ailment was nothing serious. 'Was it his lungs?' I asked.

He thanked me. He was in perfect health, he said. He had used

* Sir Walter Scott was never in the Isle of Man.

the word invalid 'in its military sense.'

My idea of 'its military sense' was very vague, but I said ,' Oh, indeed,' and was moving off.

He moved with me and began his recitation, *ore rotundo.*

'The Castle of Sodor or Holm-Peel, within whose precincts we now stand——'

'But is this Sodor?' I interrupted, briskly.

'Certainly,' he replied, the castle was usually called Peel or Holm-Peel, but it had also the name of Sodor; or more properly he thought Sodor was the name of the rock itself rather than of any one structure upon it.

I resolved that whether right or wrong *I* would call it Sodor thenceforward.

The invalid began again much more deliberately than before.

'The Castle of Sodor or Holm-Peel, within whose precincts we now stand, is supposed to have been founded——'

'I will take it for granted,' I said, 'that it was founded, as I find it here, but permit me, my friend,' (and I slipped into his hand what I 'thought proper,') 'permit me to wander about for an hour or two alone.'

There was a look of sublime pity in his eye as he bowed, left me, and went to meet some fresh visitors.

The rock of Sodor, rising sheer out of the sea to the height of some hundred feet, seems as if designed by nature for one of her own impregnable fastnesses. It is connected with the mainland of Man only by a strong, artificial wall, broad enough to serve as a footpath to those who are not subject to vertigo. At high water the waves wash the foot of this wall on each side, and the rock becomes a minor island. The surface of it comprises an area of about two acres shut in all round by a double wall of a coarse kind of slate stone, faced at the corners and parapets by a soft red sandstone, which, in common with the walls themselves, is greatly decayed. Within these walls are more objects of antiquarian interest than we could find in many an English county. Here there is the first Christian church built in connection with the island, two other churches, a cathedral, a bishop's palace, a fortress of the old Earls of Derby, subterranean dungeons, a tumulus, a round tower, fragments of buildings supposed to have been sacred to unknown gods; in fact, enough to satisfy a reasonable archæologist for a full twelvemonth.

After exploring every accessible corner I seated myself on the highest point of the rock, ate luncheon, and remained there a while ruminating and digesting.

Then, passing down to the shingly beach beneath, I perched myself on a detached mass of granite and mused like Marius over Carthage, or like another person whom essay-writers are determined never to leave alone, but to whom I will only allude as a certain gentleman who is to come from a certain distant island, and, sitting on the broken arch of a certain bridge, muse over the ruins of a certain city;—like these, I say, I reflected on the mutations of the work of man and the immutability of the works of his Maker.

Before me, and at my feet, the strong waves burst clear and fresh as on the morning when the Maker first poured them from the hollow of his hand. The sea birds floated lazily in the storm, sometimes riding over the breast of the wave as it came rolling in—sometimes taking the directer way of swimming through it from trough of sea to trough of sea—sometimes pursuing the fishes in their own element, apparently as much at home beneath the water as above it; diving with the same easy motion of the wings as that with which they clave the rarer liquid air; the water so pure that I could see their progress beneath it for immense distances.

Through unknown thousands of years, I reflected, had these birds and such as they pursued their prey, and lived their free, joyous life, and died, unchanged in type or habit. Through so many thousands of years had this rock borne the buffeting of

the unrelenting sea and stood unmoved.

Those monuments which crowned its head, in comparison with the time at which *its* foundations were laid, were builded but as yesterday. All the art that man possessed was lavished on them that they might endure for ever; and now there was not amongst them one habitable corner.

Only in this might we triumph. That here had been the battle-ground between the false faith and the true, and here as everywhere the true had prevailed. Here, as at Iona, had shone, as brave old Johnson said, 'a light in a dark age,' and hence had been 'derived the benefits of knowledge, and the blessings of religion.' Here had been fixed the outworks of a civilization which had never retreated. These ruins were the abandoned stepping-stones left in a march that had led only to victory.

My last view of the place was taken from the summit of that spur of the Kirk Jarmyn hills which rises immediately from the shore. Looking from that mount of vision the rock was almost beneath my feet, and in the far distance I could trace the dim outline of the Irish coast, and, more clearly, the hills of Scotland.

Thence I had to make all speed to save the coach for Douglas.

Kirkbradden is about two or two and a half miles from Douglas, and as the coach passed I dismounted, that I might see it and thence walk home. To any one who proposes to write a second 'Elegy' I would commend this churchyard in preference to any other that I know. It is the realized ideal of rural peace and simplicity, and there the rude forefathers sleep so closely that no room is left for their rude descendants.

I looked round the tombs and saw all that visitors usually go to see. There was an old slab affixed to the church wall by a former vicar in his own lifetime to his own memory, that he might be sure the inscription was satisfactory. A postscript had been added some ten years afterwards to record the reverend gentleman's decease. There were old stone crosses with Runic inscriptions. There was a lofty obelisk, exceeding ugly, to the memory of one of the Murray family. There were remembrancers of human pride and human littleness all over. But I did not see the particular tomb I was seeking.

As I entered the gates I had noticed a venerable figure employed in renovating one of the tombstones with his pony feeding beside him, and I had said within myself, 'Tis Old Mortality *redivivus*.' On stepping up to him now I saw, however, that though he had a chisel to touch up the obliterated letters, his employment was that of *repainting* the inscription.

I asked him 'Could he tell me where Martin the painter lay buried?' 'There had never been any painter in that neighbourhood,' he said, 'but himself, and Thompson and Williams, for the last thirty years.'

'Martin was not a house-painter,' I explained, 'he painted pictures.'

'Well now, he thought he recollected some one of that name who came and died at Mr. Wilson's in Douglas, and was buried in Mr. Wilson's tomb over at the new cemetery.'

I found the new cemetery at about a quarter of a mile's distance, lying bleak, unsheltered, exposed to the searching blast. But I sought in vain amongst the few monumental stones for any inscription to the memory of Martin. A large tomb was, however, pointed out to me as the one within which he was interred.

I mused sadly as I walked away on the futile aspirations after fame which had characterised the family of Martins. Jonathan tried the plan of setting fire to York Minster, and got himself confined for life as a lunatic. Another brother, it is said, claimed the credit of being the original designer of Stephenson's High Level Bridge at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and gnawed his heart with envy that he was not reckoned a great engineer. The third brother, John, painted thunder and lightning pictures, would excel Michael Angelo in sublimity, reared gorgeous palaces on canvas, and, dying at last

amongst strangers, had not in death even a grave that we can call his own, but sleeps in a borrowed tomb with no word of superscription.

Old Mortality, whom I had left in the churchyard, overtook me in my walk to Douglas and rode by my side.

I asked him if he were one of the aborigines, and he replied that he was not; he had come over from Liverpool one-and-thirty years before.

'Oh,' I said, 'not quite *ab origine*, certainly; but long enough, no doubt, for you to have learnt every foot of the island.'

He understood none of my pedantry, but answered that on the day following his first arrival he spent an hour in Peeltown, and went thence to Castletown, where he remained that night. On the next day he returned to Douglas, and from that time he had never been more than three or four miles away from Douglas. He had no doubt that I had seen more of the island than he had. He took no interest, he added, in aught but just his own business.

'Did he never read the newspapers?' I asked.

'Never,' said he.

I ventured as pieces of information to tell him that we had had a war with Russia, and a great mutiny in India; but as he seemed to have the vaguest notions where these countries were he did not pursue the subjects.

Then I tried him with the marriage of the Princess Royal, but had some trouble to make him believe it. Having, however, at last convinced him that it was a great fact, of happy issue, he ejaculated, 'Lord, and it seems but yesterday that we had the bonfires for the coronation!'

My heart smote me to practise on such simplicity, coming as I did from the old graveyard and the older ruins; but it is my evil genius to jest, in season and out of season.

'Are there many Christians in the island?' I asked, gravely.

He paused for a moment, and answered, 'He thought there were a good few.' Then he paused again, and said, 'At least he *hoped* there were.' And finally there stole into his face an expression, as it were, of some faintest suspicion of a joke; and he added that 'he believed Paganism had been abolished this hundred years or more.'

I assured him that I believed so too; and as we spoke we came to a turning, where he parted from me with a cheery 'Good-night.'

I was exposed to a brisk fire of question and cross-question at Mrs. Crump's, after supper. One elderly gentleman, with a partially bald head, on which the little hair that was left absolutely stood on end with inquisitiveness, was particularly hard upon me. He held a memorandum-book and pencil in his hand, and said he wished to compare notes with me. When I replied that I had made no notes, he hardly cared to conceal the mean opinion he had of me. Still he questioned me as to the impressions which had been produced on my mind by the state of agriculture in the island; as to my ideas of the extent of the herring fisheries; as to my estimate of the population; as to my approval or disapproval of native customs; as to indigenous animal and vegetable productions; and in all cases I had to answer with a plea of ignorance. In reply to his last query, it is true, I said, 'Of the vegetable productions of this island I have tasted only two—the first, namely, potatoes, I think passably good; the second, namely, cigars, I pronounce decidedly bad.' My examiner hereupon gave me up as impracticable or imbecile, and said good-night.

After he had left us, there remained, besides myself, a whist party, to whom I had lent my cards, and who were quite absorbed in them; Mrs. Crump, whose business it was to see that the fire was stirred, but not stirred too much; and the gentleman who had taken tea with me the night before. The lady who had accompanied him had retired some time previously, and he had for the last hour been sitting solitary, and apparently growing sentimental over his wine. He now fraternized with me in a truly affectionate man-

ner; told me his name was James; and asked if he might call me William, to which I consented. He was also kind enough to offer to run with me, leap with me, box with me, or sing with me for a wager.

I had to admit that I was unhappily so imperfectly educated as to be deficient in every one of these accomplishments; but said that I should be delighted to hear *him* sing. That he would do at once, he answered, and vowed that so, too, should I before the night was over.

It will be seen that it was a sort of pastoral which we swains (James and I—*arcades ambo*) performed, so I head it

ECLOGA.

James. William. Mrs. Crump.

James began it by stating, in a really melodious voice, that morn, noon, and night, where'er he might be, ever of me he was fondly dreaming—ever of me: and that, in point of fact, my gentle voice his spirit could cheer under circumstances of the greatest possible discomfort.

Despite my protestations, nothing would satisfy him now, but that I should sing. 'Mrs. Crump,' he said, 'should be the judge of our singing; and the prize to him who sang best should be his pipe. If I lose,' he went on, 'adieu, my polished pipe! —my meerschaum pipe, adieu!' He laid it on the table as he spoke, and a very dirty one it was. I assured him he need be under no apprehension of losing it. He replied that 'he saw I had a singing eye, and he expected I should win.'

At length I rose, but not to sing. Being of an original turn of mind, and delighting in novelty, I said that 'my name was not William, as he had supposed, but *Norval* (which, again, it is not), and that on the Grampian Hills my father (who, I dare say, was never north of York in his life) fed his flocks.' I prolonged my remarks in a similar strain for some minutes, and then sat down.

James again took up the song, and made fresh harmony. He invited me to come where his love lay dreaming, dreaming the happy hours away. He desired that I would come with a lute, come with a lay; which I pronounced both absurd and indelicate, for at least three reasons—first, there was no lute in the house, if one, indeed, in Douglas, or the whole island; next, I had repeatedly expressed myself unequal to a lay; last, and fatalest objection of all, the young lady had, as I reminded him, been gone to bed a full hour and a half, and for us to disturb her slumbers in any way was what I was quite sure would be allowed in no well-regulated house, like Mrs. Crump's.

Mrs. Crump, without any very distinct idea of the proposition that had been made to me, here joined in, and, in her quality of high arbitress, declared that she thought the young gentleman sang very nicely, and ought to have his pipe again. Then, putting candlesticks into our hands, she pointed first at the empty bottles, then at the clock, and begged us, as it was getting late, to go to bed at once, and for that night at least forget our strife and care, which we straightway did.

On the packet, in the morning, I found, on looking into my carpet bag, that my eau-de-cologne bottles were smashed, and their contents absorbed by my linen. Of my pack of cards two or three were missing; my cigars I had already given to a luggage porter, for being saucy to me. I had nothing to remind me of my wine except my headache. I did not feel, therefore, that unmixed satisfaction in defrauding the revenue which I had naturally expected.

The old gentleman who had cross-examined me, or, more properly, the cross old gentleman who had examined me the night before, was on board too, and passed me from time to time with his note-book in his hand, as if meditating a fresh attack. He only tapped it significantly, however, looking at me, as we landed at Liverpool, shook his head in disparagement, walked off, and left me standing on the pier.

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It was not last September, nor the September before that, I made

this sentimental journey; and now, as I read over these remarks to one, who knows the little island well, he assures me that my sentiment is all misplaced, that all the impressions I brought away seem to be either very erroneous or very shallow; and that, indeed, 'not to put too fine a point on it,' he doubts whether I even know what island it was I went to, since I speak of Mona as identical with the Isle of Man, while the best antiquarians, or, indeed, the first boy at any school, could tell me Mona was Anglesey. Be it so, or be it not so, I often wish that I had time to go again to that island which I thought was Mona, but which, perhaps, is Madagascar. I often wonder if the little maid still sings her little songs, and laughs her merry laugh; if the invalid still sheds his abundant courtesies; if Tynwald Mount stands where it stood; if Old Mortality has been posted up in his news at all since I saw him last. R. H.

PHILIP MORTON:

THE STORY OF A WIFE'S SECRET, A HUSBAND'S TRUST, AND A FRIEND'S STRATEGY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE HOUSE IN PICCADILLY.'

CHAPTER VI.

MISS THWAITES IN DANGER.

THEY were all going out shooting the following morning, and were accordingly attired like well-bred gamekeepers, as they took their seats at the breakfast-table, over which Mrs. Ponsonby, assisted by Flora, presided.

Captain Forrester was the last of the nobler sex to enter; he had been loitering about—now in the corridor, now in the doorway of the music-room, now in the hall—hoping by these means to intercept Kate Elton on her downward progress, and give her a caution as to the course it behoved them both to observe; but no Kate appeared, and at last it occurred to him that she might all the time be quietly eating her breakfast. So he gave up waiting for her, fondly hoping he might find an opportunity of engaging her in private conversation after they had both been strengthened by the matutinal meal. But Kate Elton was not down yet, so Captain Forrester helped himself to some game pie, and ate the same unmolested by any tenderly-reproachful glances from the soft, brown eyes of the lady of his love.

'Who is going to be polite enough to prefer ladies to partridges,' asked Mrs. Ponsonby, looking round the table, 'any one of you? or do you all mean to desert us until hunger drives you home at six o'clock?'

'I am at your service, Mrs. Ponsonby,' answered Philip Morton; 'I have always considered it a great mistake to go trudging for hours through turnip-fields when anything pleasanter is to be done.'

'And I am at your service, too, Mrs. Ponsonby,' put in the little baronet, who fondly embraced the smallest opportunity of getting off carrying a gun, which he had neither the courage to let off nor to say he did not like. 'I have always thought partridges a mistake—in their uncooked state.'

But Mrs. Ponsonby would not hear of his 'sacrificing himself,' as she called it; she thought it would have been a cruelty, when he had put on such brand-new belts for the purpose of going out shooting, to prevent his displaying them, and his well-fitting leather leggings to the admiring eyes of the neighbourhood. Besides she did not like Sir Ulric, and consequently did not want his company.

'You will be sorry to hear that Firefly has strained a tendon, Flora; you won't be able to ride him,' said Mr. Ponsonby to his favourite guest—so favourite a guest, indeed, that he had heretofore lent her one of his best horses.

'Oh! I'm very sorry both for Firefly and myself; my equestrian performances are at an end then?'

'I tell you what you might do, as Horace Greville is gone; ride his horse, he's as——'

'No, thank you; I would rather not,' answered Flora, very decidedly, and with rather a heightened colour.

'Why not? what nonsense!' interposed her brother, who was afraid that the horse which had been before devoted to Kate Elton would be offered to his sister, in which case his plan of joining the riding-party—for *he*, too, did not intend remaining all day with the sportsmen—would be useless.

'Because I had rather not, thank you,' replied Flora.

Now Philip Morton had been panting with impatience to offer one of his; but he had marked Flora's manner last night when he had been betrayed into something like warmth, so he had refrained from speaking before; now, however, he could without fear of giving offence.

'The horse Lady St. Clair did me the honour of trying yesterday is entirely at your service, Miss Forrester; will you ride him?'

And, Flora, after a faint protest, agreed to do so.

'You must submit to a little instruction from me upon this first occasion of your riding him, Miss Forrester,' Philip said to her, repressing all visible signs of the triumph he felt at her having consented to mount his horse—a proceeding which would almost necessitate his remaining at her bridle-rein the whole time. 'He's quiet enough under my hand or at the sound of my voice; so, however fresh he may appear at first starting, you will not mind, will you?'

'Oh, he's a darling!' said Lady St. Clair; 'Flora, you lucky girl, I envy you; I never enjoyed anything in my life as I——'

She stopped suddenly, remembering how she had been reprimanded by her husband about that ride that she had, truly in all innocence, enjoyed, and blushed hotly and painfully. Flora saw that blush, and caught herself looking rather anxiously to see whether Philip Morton hoisted the same signal of distress.

'If Mr. Morton's whole time is to be given to his horse,' said Mrs. Ponsonby, 'we shall want another cavalier, who is willing to forego an afternoon's sport to join us. I will not have you, Sir Ulric, so it will be useless your offering again; you know you would think yourself victimized all the time. Captain Forrester, what are your plans?'

'I shall come home to luncheon, and go out with you in the afternoon.'

'That will do beautifully; now, Fred, as *my* arrangements are complete, you may go as soon as you like; I know you're in a hurry to be off.'

'I say, Flora, where's Kate Elton?' asked Captain Forrester, catching his sister in the hall, which she was rapidly crossing just as the gentlemen had all assembled on and about the steps previous to their departure.

'Upstairs in her own room, with a bad headache,' answered her sister, gravely; 'Charlie, she's uncomfortable.'

'So am I,' replied the dragoon, 'awfully, I can assure you. Look here, Flora; give my love to Kate, and tell her to get well enough to go out this afternoon; say I want her particularly to do so: you won't forget?'

'No, I will tell her; but I really think she would be better to remain quiet, Charles.'

'Oh no, she wouldn't; the air will do her good, dear little thing—that's all I have to say. Now, you rush up to her; you may as well stay with her all the morning—you've nothing else to do?'

This last being an inquiry, Flora could only reply, 'No, she had not.' She did not care to tell Captain Forrester that she had promised Philip Morton to go out in the garden and look at him exercising

his horse in the paddock, and quieting him for her use; and as this could hardly be brought under the head of useful employment, she thought she would waive the subject.

It will be seen from this short conversation that Captain Forrester commenced the day with the best intentions; he had proposed, but it remained for his mother to dispose of him, as will be seen.

Through the long, weary hours of the past night Kate Elton had tossed feverishly, both sleeping and waking; neither state brought her any rest. A sudden fear had struck her, now that it was too late, that this man to whom she had given her heart was weak and wavering. She could have borne anything had she in her soul believed him stanch; but the conviction that she was trusting to a rope of sand, which still she *would* clasp and trust to, had nearly maddened her. Now when Flora entered her room for the second time that morning, she was sitting by the toilet-table, looking out at the group of gentlemen who were so hilariously going off for several hours' hard labour in the fields. She was wrapping her dressing-gown close round her, and trembling as with cold, while her face was flushed and burning.

'Now do lie down again,' said Flora, after having delivered Captain Forrester's message; 'what *is* the matter with you, Kate? I really must say you are making a fuss before there is the least occasion for it.'

'He made me so wretched last night,' said Kate; 'do you call that "nothing?"'

'I am sure I do not know what you would have him do,' said Flora, chivalrously standing by her brother; 'but at any rate you need not be wretched any more—for to-day, at least; you will have the pleasure of two hours' uninterrupted intercourse with Charles, which, though some people would differ with you, you will consider a great boon, I suppose. My advice is that you rest for a while to freshen yourself.'

'No; if I lie down I shall oversleep myself, and that would be annoying.'

'I will call you in good time,' said Flora, and then, on Kate promising to take her advice, she left that now much-comforted young lady, and flew down, as nobody was looking, to see Don Quixote put through his paces.

Sure never handsomer rider had backed a handsomer steed. Walking up and down on the lawn, which ran parallel with the paddock, from which it was divided by a sunk fence, Flora felt that she was enjoying these preliminary steps quite as much as she possibly could the ride in the afternoon. Don Quixote was gentleness itself, apparently, as he walked along near enough for his master to be within conversational range of Miss Forrester.

He was near enough, indeed, to tell her that little story of the beautiful cousin to whom he had alluded on the previous night. And when she heard how they had grown up together, and how Philip had been the boy-lover of the cousin, to whom on his return after a year's absence he had once intended offering his hand and full-grown affections—when she heard this, I say, and that the reason he did not fulfil his intention was, that the lady had given—and withdrawn again—*her* heart to another man during that absence, Flora regretted more than ever that she had been beguiled into taking that ride through the turfy lane. She thought there could be no doubt that Philip was fiercely sensitive on such points as 'first love,' 'only love,' and so on.

When the 'Don' was 'gentled' enough he was sent back to the stable, and Flora and her new friend made interesting botanical investigations; they were content, at first, with the specimens the vivid garden afforded them, but by-and-by they wandered away into the glowing plantations that sheltered the back of the old house. What did they talk about? *Nothing* — at least nothing worth writing down; and yet they both thought that hour's conversation in the wood the pleasantest by far they had ever enjoyed. Nor was it that their botanical investigations were so fraught

with interest as to be absorbing, for these were pursued in the most desultory way. They picked up pieces of moss occasionally, and, while comparing their mutual damp treasures, Philip would assure himself afresh of how truly, purely blue were the eyes of this English lady, and scornfully wonder how he had ever thought that beauty reigned alone in the fiery, dark, southern orbs to which he had been hitherto accustomed.

The result of this ramble through the gardens and woods might truly have been termed 'the vengeance of the flowers;' for not a bloom was gathered by either hand, examined in common and then thrown away, that did not assist in planting the thorns of love in both their hearts.

But the happy morning was drawing to a close, and Flora, loyal to her promise, went in to call Kate Elton, who, as might have been anticipated, was already up and dressed in her habit.

'The first luncheon-bell has gone, Flora. How bright you look! What have you been doing? Do you think Charles is home yet?'

'I don't know,' answered Flora. 'Come down and take something, at any rate. He is sure to be in time to start with us, because he was so very particular about my delivering his message.'

The two girls entered the room together, and there, sure enough, sat Captain Forrester. There was a deprecating expression in his face as he said, quite humbly—

'Do you mean to ride to-day, Ka—Miss Elton?'

'Of course I do,' replied Kate, her cheek just growing a shade pinker, as she observed something like a satisfied smile on the lip and in the eye of Mrs. Forrester, who was seated opposite, with Miss Thwaites under her wing. The heiress was arrayed without due consideration for the—to say the least—peculiar character of her charms. The magenta flowers under her bonnet hardly went well with that beet-root hue which reigned in her cheeks; some people might have objected to the rich silk dress of the same colour, as having too sanguinary an appearance; while other dress-bilious critics might have preferred seeing some other description of brooch than the large photograph which she wore clasped above her maiden breast 'in memory of' her deceased father. Not having established a 'gallery' yet, as more pretentious people might have done, she hung the sole ancestral portrait she possessed upon herself.

'Of course I do,' Kate Elton had replied to that question of Charlie Forrester's, as to whether she meant to ride or not; and having said this, she sat down, and tried to affect an appetite. Whenever she glanced at Captain Forrester, an expression of suffering appeared on his countenance, that, alarming at first, would afterwards, had she not been in love with him, have become ridiculous. He seemed to be endeavouring to convey some information to her, and he could only succeed in making her suppose that he had taken an extra strong draught of bitters, and could not get the taste out of his mouth.

They all walked out together. Flora was aided by Morton up on the 'Don' in a moment; the Misses Gambier were mounted by the grooms; Miss Thwaites took her seat in Mrs. Ponsonby's small double pony-chaise. 'Is she going to drive herself, I wonder?' thought Kate, as she stood with her hand on the pommel—having refused the groom's assistance—waiting for Captain Forrester to come and mount her. Presently he turned to her, saying—

'I am going to drive my mother and Miss Thwaites,' and advanced to put her up.

Choking with rage, Miss Elton signalled to the groom, and was seated in her saddle before Captain Forrester could interfere; then reining her horse round suddenly, she left him with the conviction that her 'mettle was up now, and no mistake!' And so it was.

He took his seat beside Miss Thwaites, and listened to his mother's lively conversation—she was in extraordinarily good spirits now—from behind, with a crestfallen air. The little ponies were fresh and spirited, and, obedient to the first hint of the tightened reins, they

went off rapidly in the wake of the equestrians.

'Charlie,' said his sister, bringing the slender legs of the 'Don' in dangerous proximity to the wheels of the pony-chaise, in her anxiety to gain his ear unfailingly—'Charlie, how is this? Why have you made *me* the medium of conveying a fool's message to Kate Elton?'

She would say it, in spite of the cold, angry light that came from her mother's eye, and centred upon her; in spite of the almost painful look of confusion that came over Charlie's face; in spite of the detriment that, in their mutual embarrassment, might ensue to the legs of Philip's horse. She reined her curveting steed in firmly, though the doing so, in his anxiety to be off, made her little hands ache, and repeated her question with unsmiling eyes, and with a slight compression of her straight brow. She was in a womanly rage at having been made to aid and abet in the slight that had been offered to Kate; and for all that Miss Thwaites had ten thousand a year, which sum might haply, with care, be taught to flow into the Forrester coffers, she did not try to conceal her indignation.

'My mother asked me to drive her, Flora, and I couldn't help—I mean I was delighted to do so, of course.'

'Of course,' repeated Mrs. Forrester, 'and he is going to give Miss Thwaites a lesson in driving. You are going to learn how to handle the ribbons, as he calls it, under Charlie's auspices, are you not, dear? So, Flora, you had better ride on, my love, and not interfere with the lesson.'

'Oh, very well,' replied Flora, adding, as she looked at her mother, 'only if I had known you intended breaking your engagement with Kate Elton, Charles, I would not have had anything to do in the matter.'

The back of a horse that has a habit of constantly keeping a corner of the eye on whatever may be approaching him from behind, is not the safest place in the world when the rider is a lady in an agitated frame of mind and temper. The sagacious chestnut soon discovered that the hand he was called upon to obey was a trembling one; nor was the discovery confined to the chestnut alone.

'Miss Elton,' said Caroline Gambier, who, in consequence of the seemingly well-understood arrangement between them, which placed Miss Forrester under Philip Morton's charge, was possessed on this occasion by ten thousand smiling fiends, who prompted her to 'take it out' of some one—

'Miss Elton, would you like to change with me? I think the chestnut is a little too much for you this afternoon.'

Women, if they ride at all, and like it, find it scarcely pleasant to be told by one of their own sex that their management of a horse is faulty, and that therefore they had better give him to the superior guidance of the cautioner. Other circumstances combined to render it particularly unpalatable to Kate on this afternoon. She coolly replied—

'Thank you; you're very kind; but I prefer remaining where I am.'

'While you can,' retorted Miss Gambier, laughing, 'which won't be very long, I fancy, or I have never seen mischief in a horse's eye before. There—don't draw your reins so savagely: *he* isn't saying anything, poor fellow!' And Miss Gambier, whose brain was as collected as her heart was cool, watched the effect of her half-taunting words and wholly-taunting smile with the most perfect ease and self-possession. 'He carried you quietly enough the other day, when Captain Forrester altered your curb for you. Here he is coming up close behind us now, and I dare say he won't mind leaving Miss Thwaites for a minute or two to do so now. Shall I ask him?'

'Decidedly not. You are very kind, Miss Gambier; but your anxiety about me is all misplaced, I assure you.'

And now that event occurred, which made me give the heading I have given to this chapter.

The wheels of the little low pony-carriage were coming along smoothly 'close behind them,' as Carry Gambier had said. Kate could hear plainly above the rolling wheels and pattering feet the large, healthy tones of the

Dean's wife; she could hear the laugh these tones called forth, the laugh that owed its culture to Tottenham Court Road; and, anxious to escape the sight of Captain Forrester in such company, she let her whip fall stingingly on the shoulder of the chestnut, in the one paramount desire to avoid at once this spectacle and the feminine stabs of Miss Gambier.

Instead of rapidly traversing the ground which intervened between himself at the moment that luckless blow fell and Mrs. Ponsonby, who was some way in advance, the chestnut lowered his head, arched his back, got his legs well under him, and showed himself in his true colours as a vile back-jumper. With the danger came back Kate's accustomed skill and steadiness of hand; but it was too late. Captain Forrester saw, with such agony that the moments seemed like hours, a maddened horse plunging in what appeared to him almost mid-air, as he drove up the hill; and then he saw the rider of that horse dislodged, and thrown with frightful violence to the ground; and as the chestnut, with head tossed up and snorting fiercely, tore away, Charlie Forrester, forgetting everything but Kate, flung the reins on the ponies' backs in a loose mass, and sprang to the side of the prostrate, and, as he thought, dead girl. The ponies were stopped very soon by Carry Gambier; but it was Miss Thwaites's prospects of ever becoming Mrs. Forrester-Thwaites that were in danger, as the dragoon knelt in an agony of suspense by poor Kate Elton's side.

The runaway horse, and the cry that had arisen from them all when she fell, soon brought the party in advance back to their relief; and then, after the brow-bedewing—on this occasion from Miss Thwaites's double scent-bottle—and hand-chafing which are usual, the death-like pallor gave place to the returning hue of life; and Kate Elton, opening her eyes, could assure the anxious group hovering around her that she 'was not hurt.' But when it came to standing up, the unpleasant discovery was made that her left ankle was dislocated.

In the midst of the pain there arose a feeling of pleasure; for surely, Kate thought, Charlie would drive her home in the little pony-carriage, and then, having him all to herself in this way, she could uninterruptedly talk him into a state of profound sorrow and remorse for his weak and wavering conduct of the last few hours; for, after all, his iniquities had not been of longer duration.

But it was not Charlie to whom was deputed the task of conveying Kate safely home with as few jars as possible. Mrs. Ponsonby was for once deficient in that fine tact which usually characterized her; with ill-judged kindness and misplaced anxiety she insisted on taking her injured guest home at once under her own especial care. As they drove away from the party, Kate realized that a sprained ankle was a hard thing to bear indeed.

Mrs. Forrester, Miss Thwaites, and Captain Forrester were to make their way across the fields to Kempstowe. Across ploughed fields and over stiles, a new experience for Eliza Thwaites, whose rural exploits had hitherto been confined to gambols in the orange-peel scented groves of Greenwich Park. She was no ethereal burthen to help over the stiles; the vision of the feet that took such a sturdy stand, first on one bar and then on another, was unpleasant: they were thickset feet, which not even the best made high-heeled kids from a certain famed French shop in Oxford Street could redeem, or make to look other than hopelessly vulgar. The hand, too, that Captain Forrester had to clasp in aiding her to surmount the difficulties of these stiles—oh, what a contrast it offered to the little plump, soft, white hand he had asked for but yesterday! This one was 'plump' enough—it looked podgy, indeed—in its lemon-coloured casing. The glove, buttoned tightly round her substantial wrist, caused a roll of hard red flesh to stand up in fine relief. The exertion of walking in a tight dress over rough fields made her momentarily more beetrooty. The dragoon began to loathe her; but he remembered in time to prevent any ebul-

lition of feeling the words his mother had said to him when she met him—quite accidentally—on his return from shooting that morning. He had come back primed with all sorts of good intentions of making amends to Kate for any little annoyances he might have caused her on the previous evening. He gave them to the winds, however, when his mother said to him, in her large, determined kind of way—

'I have been thinking over your affairs, Charles, and I have decided that it is quite impossible for you to do with less; we must—I have written to the dean to tell him so—struggle for a time rather than curtail your allowance; *for a time* at any rate. I am glad you have come back; I want you to drive me out this afternoon in that little pony-carriage of Mrs. Ponsonby's; will you?'

'Would he?' of course he would do anything, as became a dutiful son, to oblige a mother who promised him that, *for a time* at least, he should not be put to such dreadful shifts as a reduced allowance implied. 'For a time;' ah! what was he to do *after* such time had elapsed? Not marry Kate Elton, that seemed clear. This was how it came to pass that he had driven the little ponies, and that Kate Elton had dislocated her ankle.

Still, when he thought of the look of love those large brown eyes had bestowed upon him when first awakening from the senselessness he had thought death, he turned with almost disgust from the heiress, who was rapidly learning, under the able tuition of his mother, to regard him as something very superior indeed. And at the termination of that rural walk Miss Thwaites was still in danger.

CHAPTER VII.

HORACE GREVILLE IN POSSESSION.

'He is the finest fellow in the world, he is so prompt, and he has entered into the affair as heartily as if *he*, and not I alone, were going to benefit by it.'

'Perhaps he means to do so—you can't tell, you know, Mr. Morton,' laughed Carry Gambier, who never looked more vivaciously agreeable than when insinuating anything to the detriment of a third, and absent, person.

'Good morning; who is the "fine fellow," Philip, and what are you so enthusiastic about?'

The speaker was Flora Forrester, and, as may be surmised from the character of her remark, events have developed themselves well during the nine or ten days which have elapsed since Kate Elton's accident.

'Horace Greville has bought the house Mr. Morton commissioned him to hire,' replied Miss Gambier; 'so you will have to live there whether you like it or not; isn't it a pity?'

'Here is Greville's letter; read it,' said Philip, tossing the epistle across to Miss Forrester. 'Flora is sure to like it,' he continued; 'Greville says it is a paradise.'

Now Flora would have gladly commenced life in a pigsty with Philip Morton, had she been called upon to do so; she had no fear of not liking the place: but she wished Horace Greville had not had a hand in providing them with a paradise. She did not like him herself, and she did not like that Philip should regard him with affection.

'He certainly gives a most glowing description of it, Philip,' she said, handing him back the letter; 'but even, according to his account, the paradise is considerably out of repair.'

'Yes; but you see he offers to see to all that; he says he will stay there if I like, and have it all put in order for us.'

'In fact, he offers to take up his abode with you,' remarked Miss Gambier, balancing the sugar-tongs cleverly. 'What a pleasant arrangement it will be for all parties, especially for Horace Greville, who has wanted a home ever so long!'

'He will always find one with me,' said Philip rather hotly. He was annoyed that even Flora, his own high-minded betrothed, should seem to look coldly upon the man who had been toiling in his service to such an extent as purchasing an estate represented. He had thought Flora far superior to anything like

petty jealousy of his friendship being bestowed on a man; it was a phase of womanly tyranny that he didn't like to see in her.

Mrs. Forrester had been eminently successful. Flora was engaged, fully, properly, and with everybody's consent, to Philip Morton, whose least merit, she was proud to know, was his wealth.

When I say everybody's consent, I mean the consent of all whom it was necessary to consult. One or two people, whom it did not concern in the least, shook sage heads of sorrow and distrust, and said it wouldn't answer, and that they were not suited to each other.

Lady St. Clair had sighed softly, like an ill-used dove, when the fact of the engagement was first announced to her; and her 'So you are to marry Miss Forrester, I hear, and I must wish you joy,' had a faint accent of reproach about it. Lady St. Clair had intended him to be bouquet-holder in chief to herself for a season or two: this marrying was quite a premature thing, she thought.

Kate Elton was not allowed to come down stairs yet, but they would bring her out to the couch in the corridor, where those who liked could go and talk to her. Amongst those who, one afternoon, liked to go was Mrs. Forrester. Charlie, Kate had not seen since her accident.

'I am sorry, my dear, that this,' indicating Kate's ankle, 'will prevent your being one of Flora's bridesmaids.'

'Thank you for the regret, Mrs. Forrester; the marriage is to be very soon, Flora tells me.'

'Very soon; and I trust—mind, I only say, I *trust*, I don't *know* it yet—but I think it more than probable that Flora's will not be the only marriage in our family that you will hear of shortly.'

That sprained ankle must have given her an awful twinge just then, for her face grew chalk-like, and her lips tightened themselves involuntarily.

'Indeed,' she faltered. Blessings on that word which commits us to nothing!

'Yes,' replied Mrs. Forrester, standing by the couch without so much as a flicker of the eyelashes, or a tremor of the voice, though she was far from being unconscious that she was about to administer a cruel stab to a poor girl; yet she was a good woman, and gave away soup-tickets by the score during the winter. 'Yes; Miss Thwaites's sterling qualities have, I am glad to say, made such an impression on my volatile son, that when I lose one daughter I shall very likely gain another.'

And then, having done all she could to enliven Kate's solitude, Mrs. Forrester nodded a good-bye and went away to her own room.

The look of chalky whiteness was on Kate's face still, when about five minutes after Flora came running along. She stopped by her friend's side, and without speaking, bent her head down until her lips touched Kate's forehead.

'Never speak of it, Flora,' Kate contrived to gasp out; 'help me to my room quickly, before any one else comes up. I heard it from your mother. Flora! Flora! I am glad it was not from you.'

Horace Greville had an immense deal of calm, gentlemanly, unruffled ease about him; he had done everything; bought the mansion and grounds; retained such of the former owner's servants as he pleased; dismissed others; drawn largely upon Morton's bankers; and finally, come down here and taken up his abode with as grand an air as if he had been all along acting for himself instead of another.

He was sitting now in the most comfortable room in the house, drinking some of the wine he had been good enough to order in for his friend, and reading the latest number of a serial publication. The little room had not been so comfortable and elegantly luxurious when he had first arrived, for the former owner had been consistent but in one thing—in furnishing, that is, the house throughout with the most costly articles in the most odious taste. But Horace Greville was master of the situation: with the eye of a man who had sedulously studied his own comfort and ease from babyhood, he weeded this

little apartment, which he designed for himself, of whatever was ugly, out of keeping, and not to his taste, and transplanted thither from other rooms whatever happened to suit him. The result of these labours on his own behalf was pleasing in the extreme. The flickering firelight, and the brighter rays from the Gothic chandelier, showed the room to be furnished—not stuffed, as it had been formerly—with crimson velvet chairs and couch, and a carved oak writing-table and bookcase; with two or three good paintings and bronzes resting upon mediæval brackets. The room was small, nevertheless everything had an outline. The eye of an artistic gentleman, instead of an artistic upholsterer, had presided over these arrangements, and they were perfect.

As perfect in their way as was the gentleman who sat amidst them reading. He was leaning back his head and resting it on the top of his chair, and his pale, clearly-cut face was upturned and standing out in full relief against the crimson velvet. Reading, I say: true, he held the book up as if doing so, but as the dark eyes rested stedfastly in one place, he could scarcely have been reading. No: he was sitting here, quietly awaiting the arrival of his friend and his friend's bride; for it was now the end of November, and Philip Morton and his wife were expected home to-night from their wedding tour.

Greville's had been an eventful life. He had not come into the world—I do not mean as a baby, but as a young man—he had not come into the world hardened, calculating, remorseless, depraved. Time was when he would have shrunk from blighting another to benefit himself. 'Time was'—he shrank from doing so no longer. He had played the game of life fairly enough at first, but as the interest deepened, he had grown both more skilful and more careless. For years that haughty, self-possessed, gentlemanly cynic had led the life of a hunted fox; for years he had suffered from a horrible dread that his life of pleasure—the only life he could endure to contemplate—would come to an untimely end, and that in the retirement of a debtor's prison he would be left by the polished set who delighted in the apparently successful man of fashion, to pine away despised and forgotten. He dreaded being unmasked before the men and women whom he had deceived, and cajoled, and wronged, as the thoroughly unprincipled, base, heartless cheat he was. Inwardly fallen as he was, he could not endure the thought of outwardly descending from his high estate—in detection alone was shame. He might have wedded a rich wife and so at once have obtained that permanently 'good position' he now had to sponge and gamble for; but here he failed, partly because the rich women who would have had him were not to his taste—Miss Thwaites, for instance, would have driven him mad—and partly because he could not be faithful to any one, man or woman. The hearts he had trifled with and wrung, and spurned—and their name was legion—none of them betrayed him when he deserted them. Like Flora Forrester, they were too 'shamed through all their nature to have loved so slight a thing' ever to do that, to say nothing of the unpleasantness of having to confess that you have been thrown over. He might, with the talents he really did possess, and the numerous ones which were too flatteringly attributed to him, have won his way through some honest and reputable channel to wealth. And this he might have done with not half the outlay of the time, trouble, and tact he displayed in doing it ignobly; but work, that was called work, was distasteful to him in the highest degree. During his visits to Kempstowe, he had learnt something relating to Sir Ulric Lyster from the friend of the latter that had caused him to form plans; if he could only once finger some of Philip Morton's ready money he could realize these, he thought. Before he could do this, however, he must get some lasting hold on Philip, a hold which he determined to secure through Flora Forrester. We shall see how he succeeded.



Drawn by Florence Claxton. [See p. 289.

HOW CROQUET FIRST CAME TO HOLCROFT.